

NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
10

OCTOBER
No. 74

COMICS

10¢

The **BARKER**
outspiels
SNAKE OIL SAM!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN
\$2.95



COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE



THE MYSTERY HALF-WIT SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?

BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN

SATAN
\$2.95

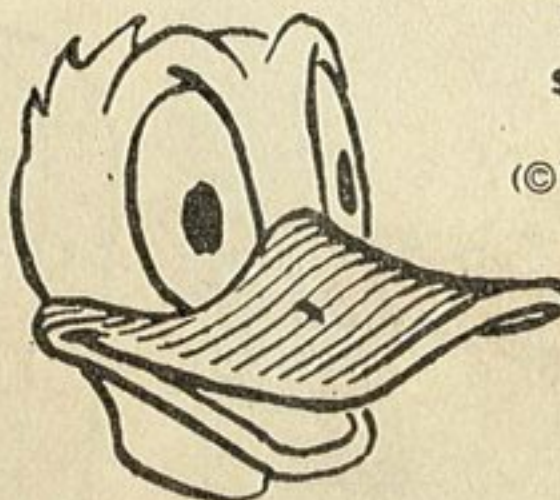


Minstrel (Black Face)
\$2.95



DONALD DUCK
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney Prod.)



MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE
DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

RUSH COUPON NOW

Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man
☐ Sophisticated Lady
☐ Mickey Mouse
☐ Minnie Mouse
☐ Donald Duck
☐ Santa Claus

() Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage
() Ship postpaid, Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME _____
(Print Plainly)
STREET _____
CITY _____ Zone _____ State _____

IDIOT . . \$2.95

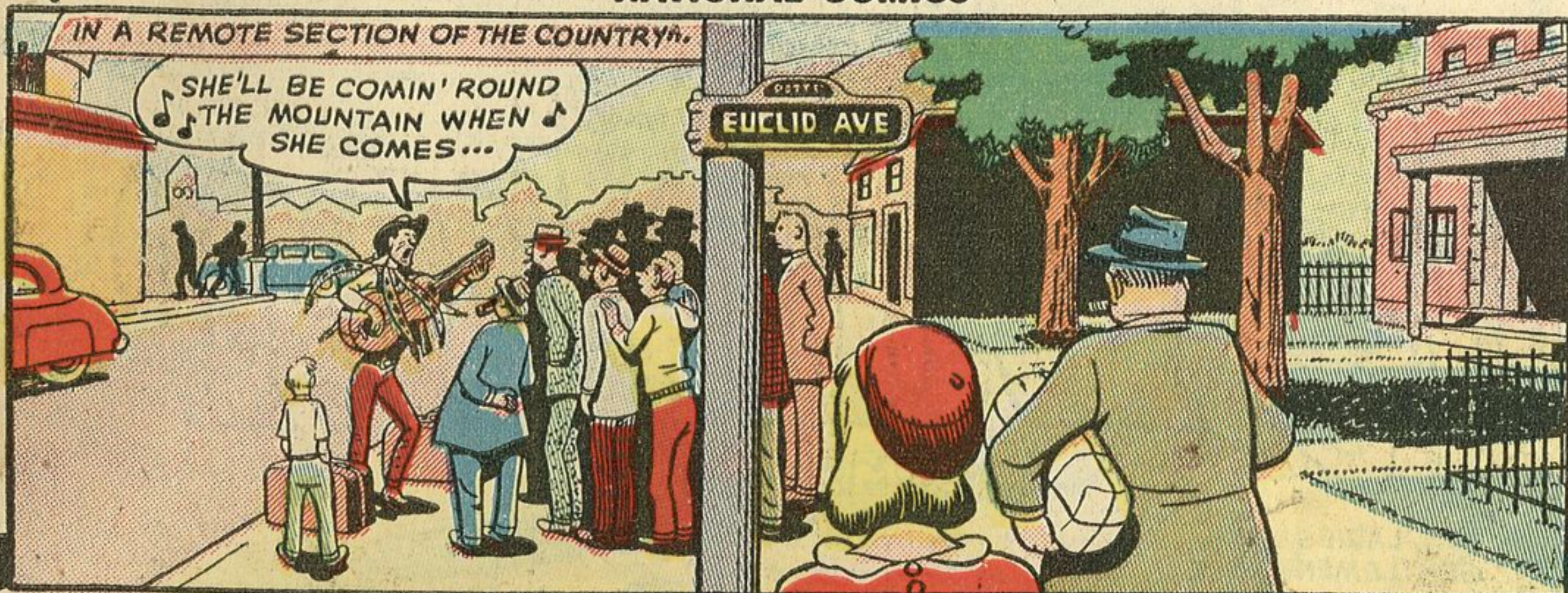


Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



**BIG
DEAL!**



IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE COUNTRY...

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND
THE MOUNTAIN WHEN
SHE COMES...

THANKS FOR THE APPLAUSE,
FOLKS! YOU KNOW YOU CAN
ALWAYS DEPEND ON SNAKE
OIL SAM FOR THE BEST IN
ENTERTAINMENT, THE
BEST IN ADVICE, THE
BEST IN QUICK CURES!

AND SPEAKING OF QUICK
CURES... IF YOU HAVE FALLEN
ARCHES, HEADACHES, HANG-
NAILS OR WHATEVER, YOU'LL
RECOVER INSTANTLY WITH
ONE SWALLOW OF SAM'S
SPECIAL SNAKE OIL
REMEDY!

YOU KNOW YOU CAN RELY
ON ME, FOLKS, SO STEP
UP AND GET YOUR BOTTLE
BEFORE THEY'RE ALL
GONE! ONLY FIFTY
CENTS... HALF A
DOLLAR!

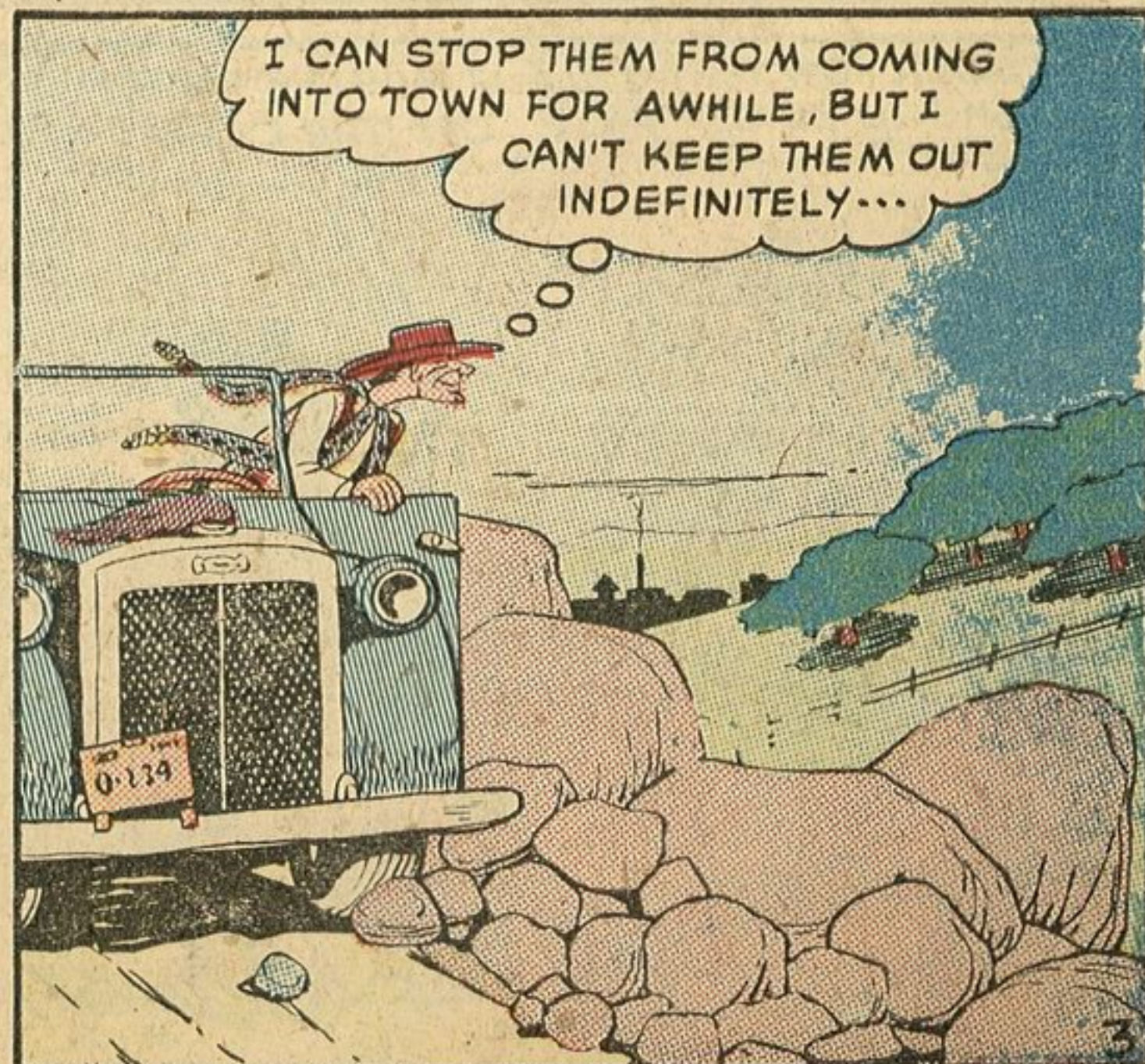
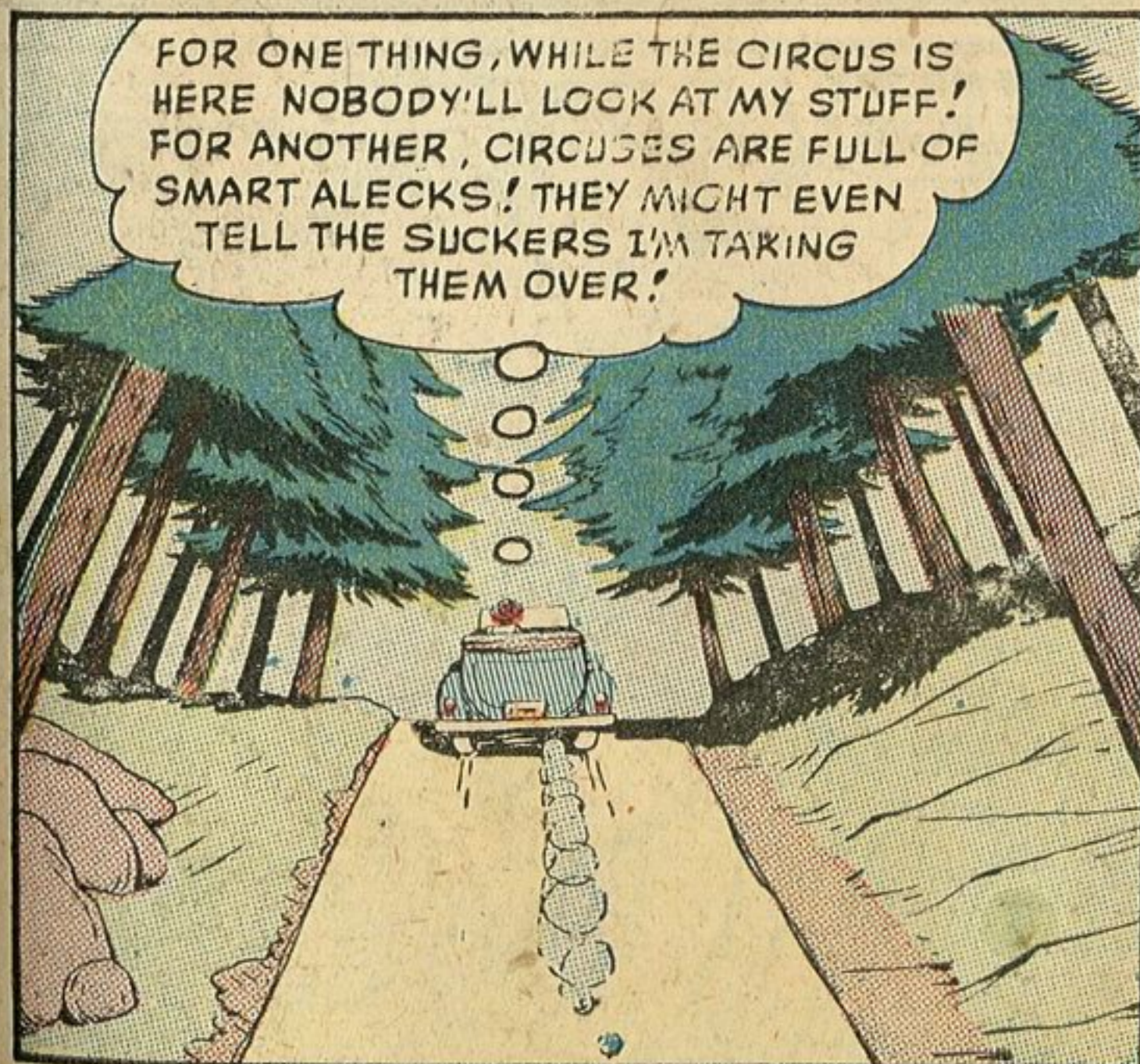
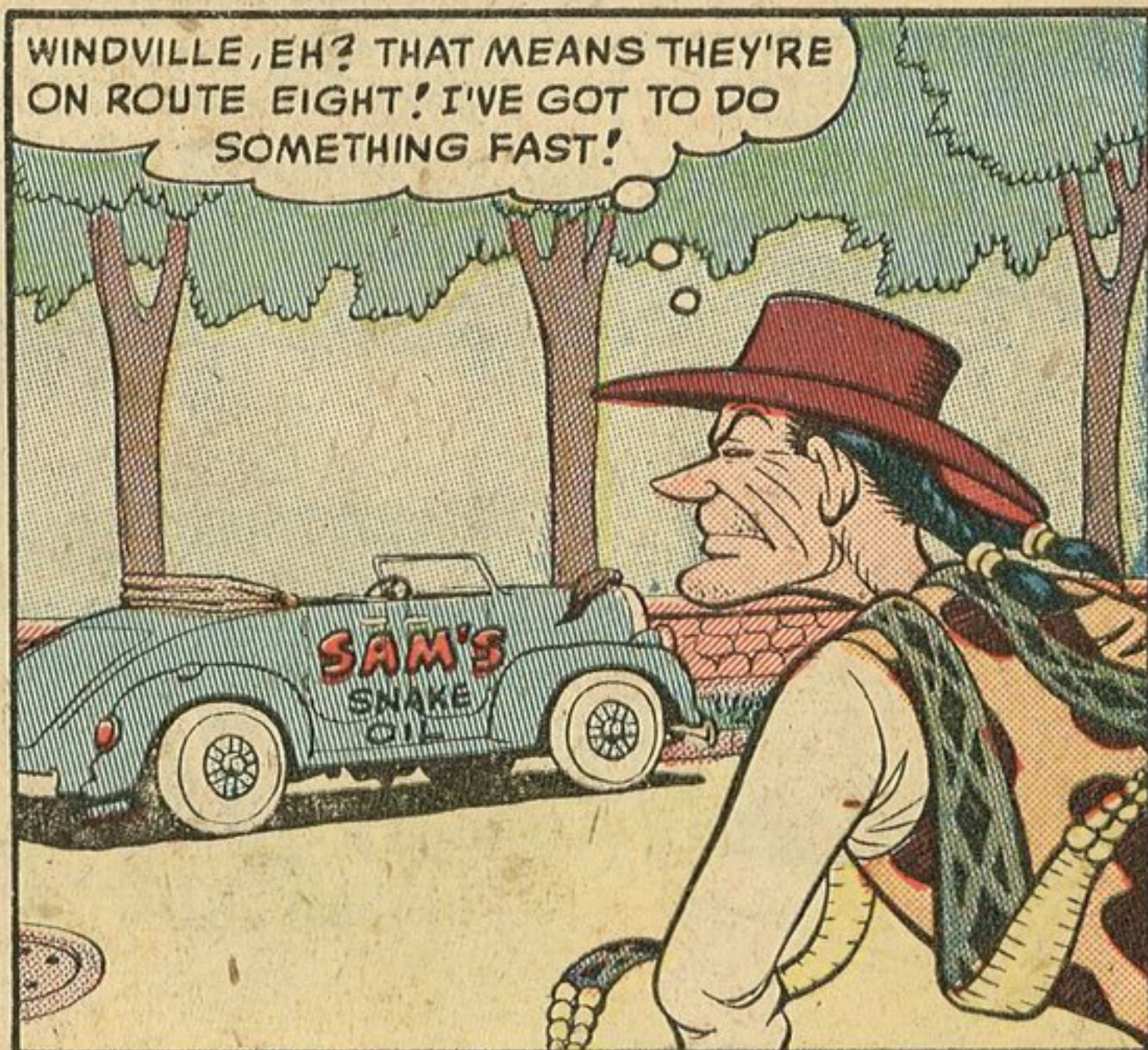
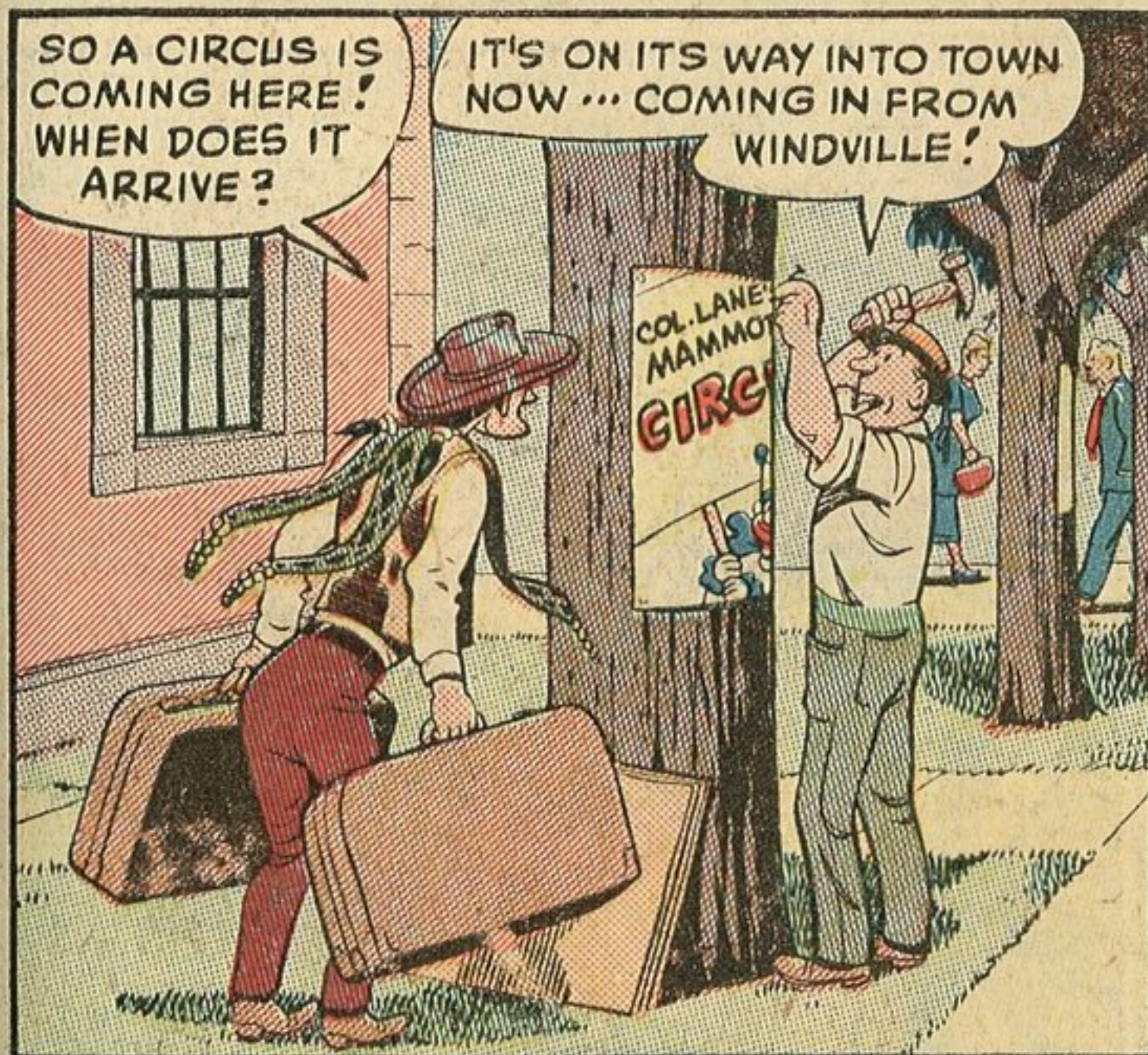
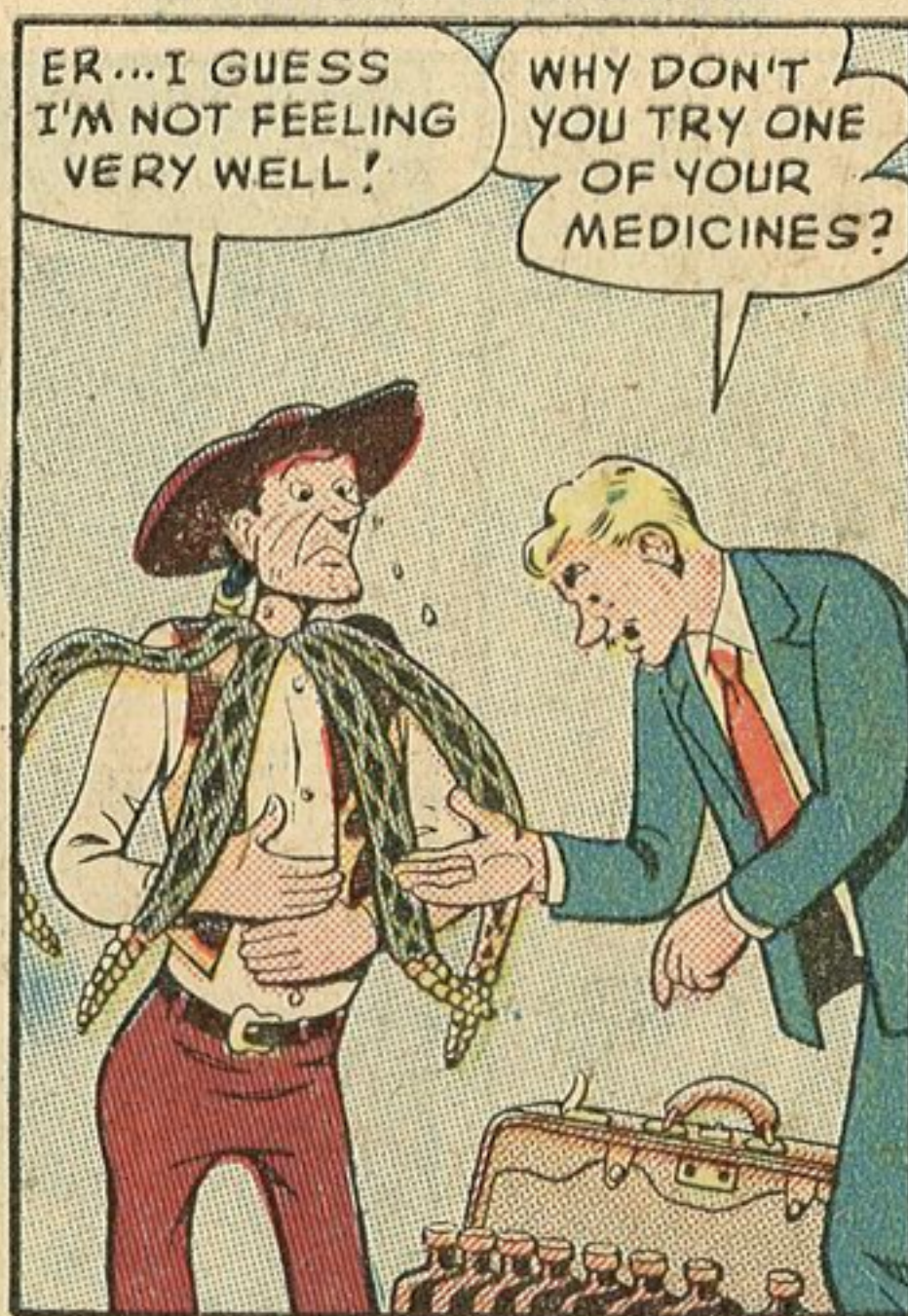


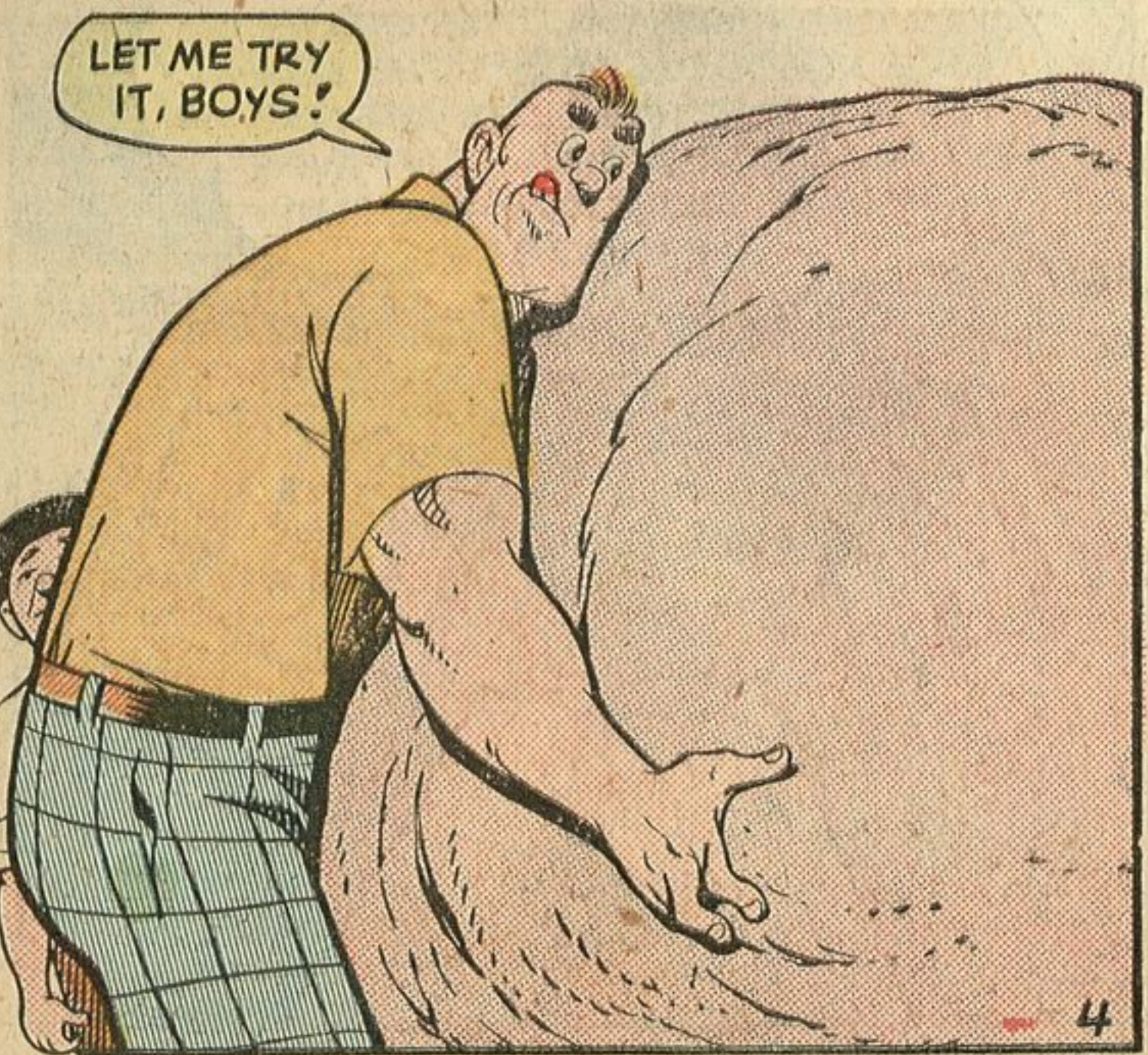
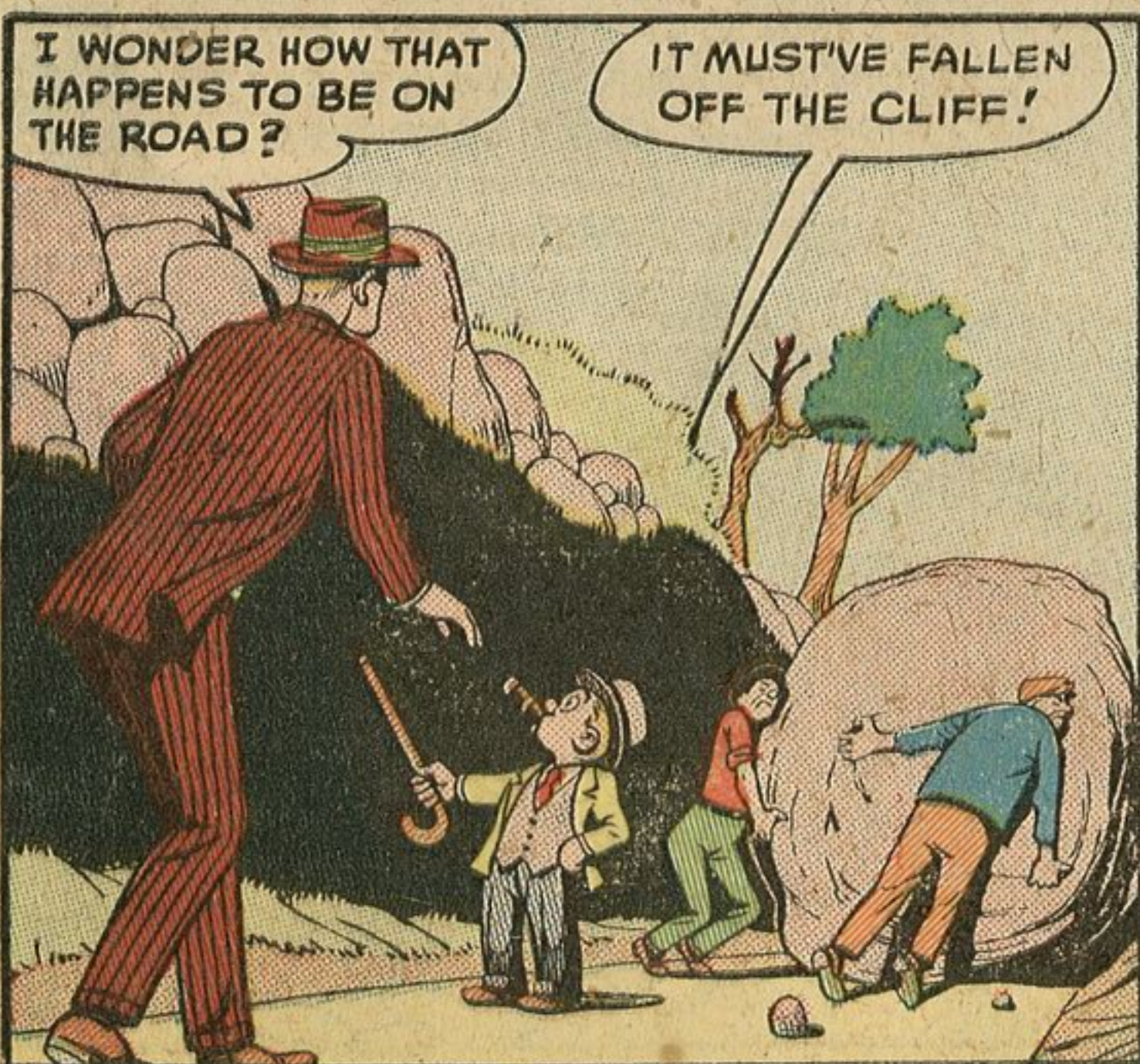
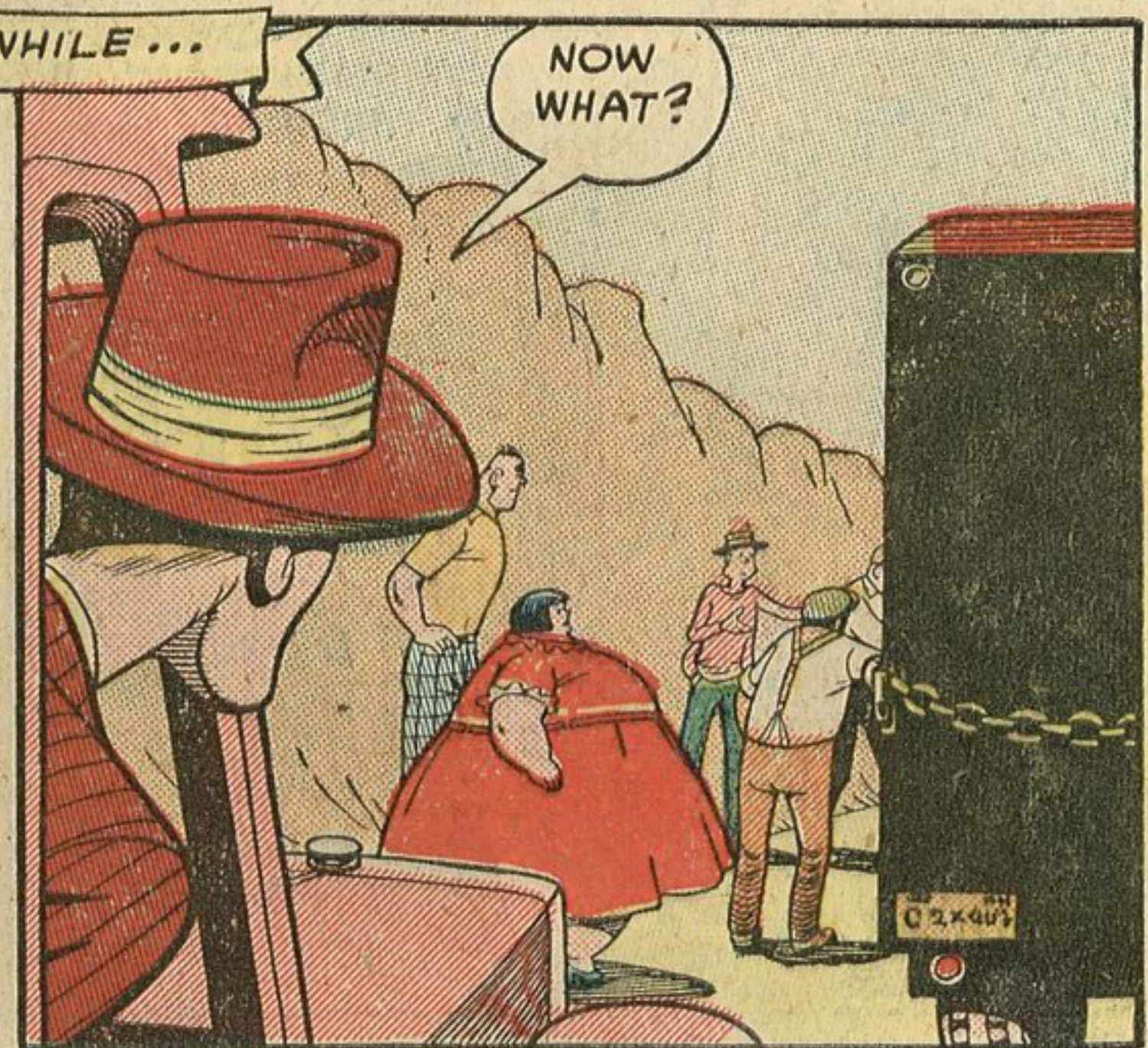
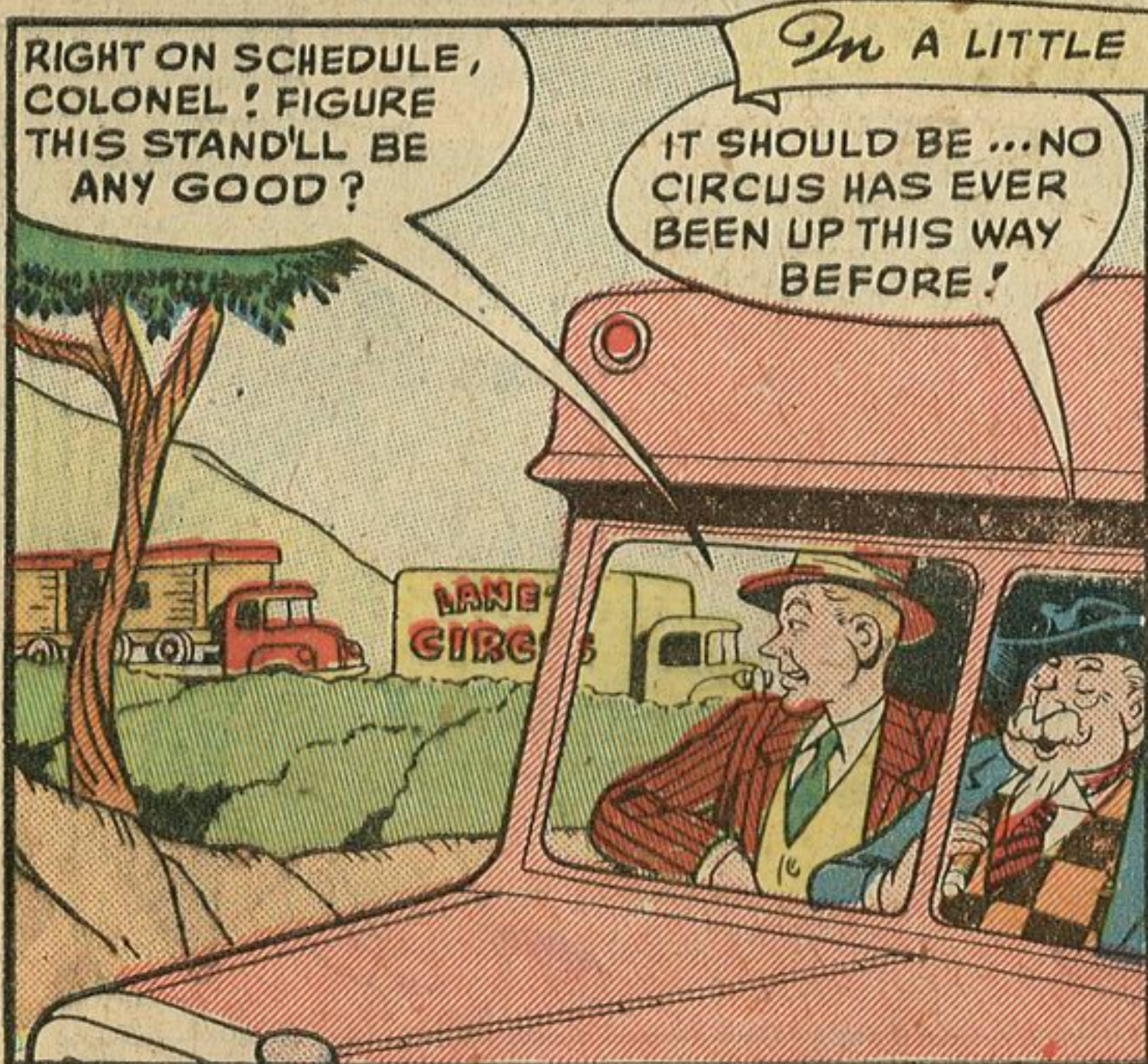
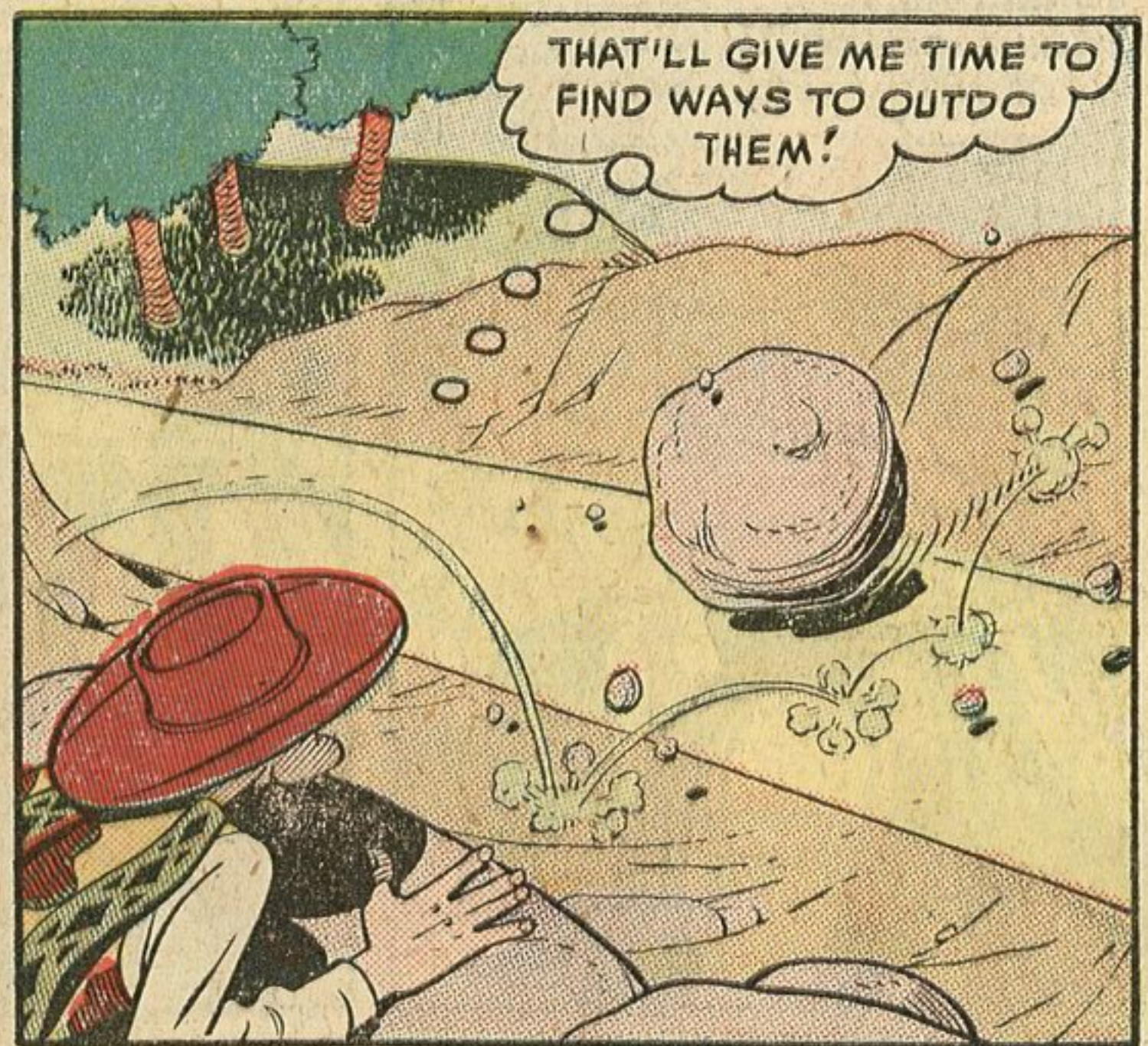
WHAT AN INSPIRATION
I HAD WHEN I CAME TO
THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY...
HOW THEY LAP UP MY SHOWS
AND MY MEDICINES!

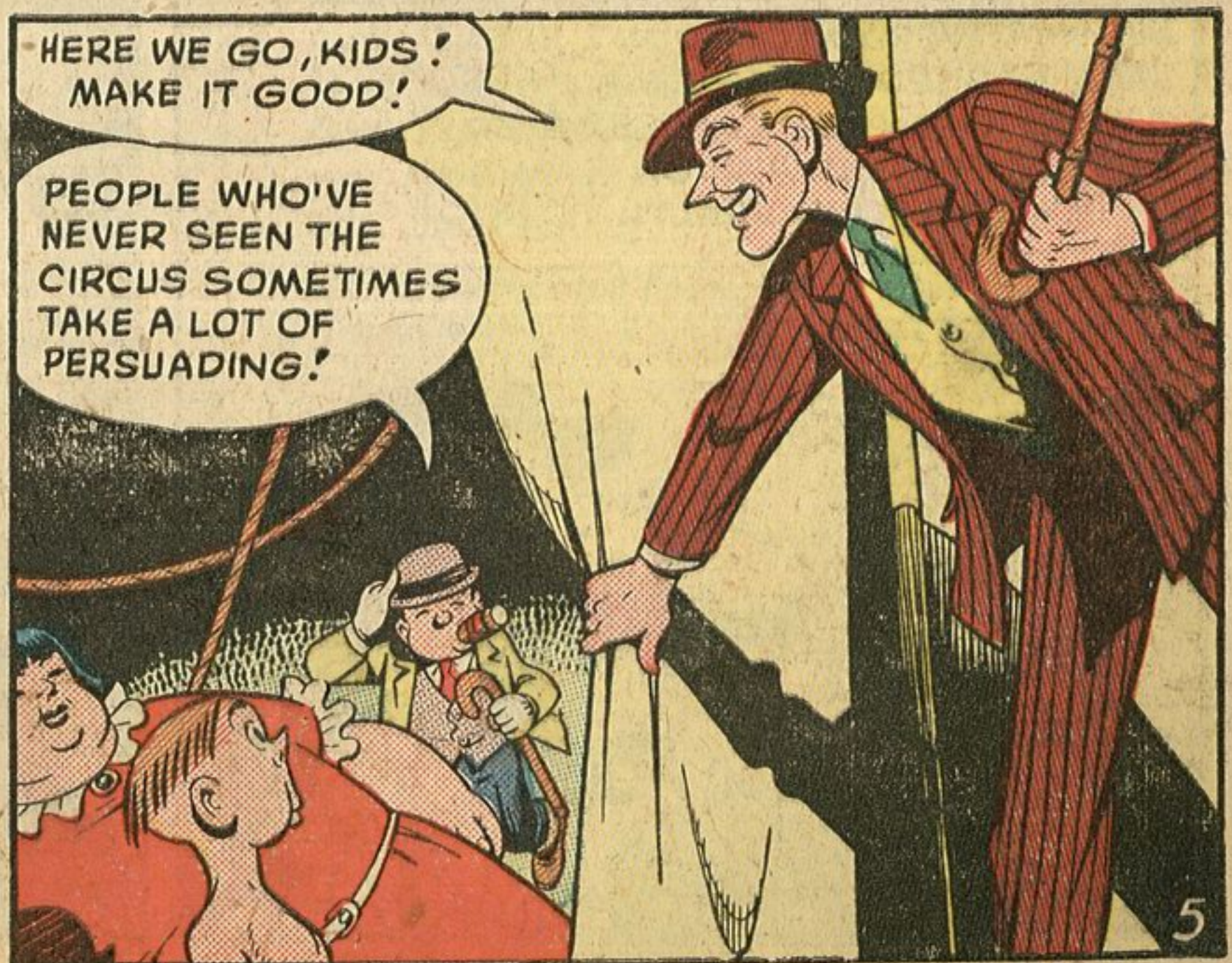
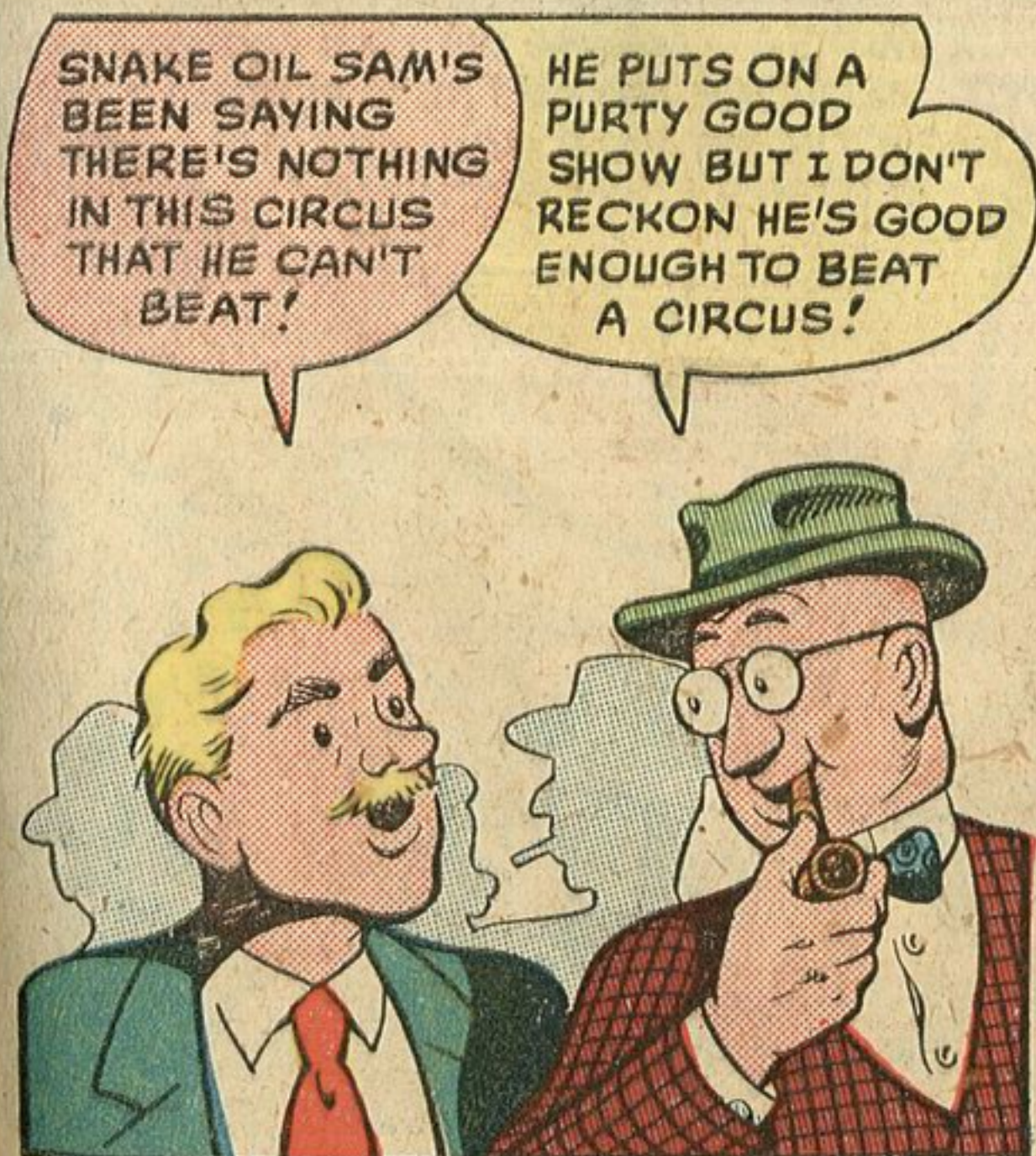
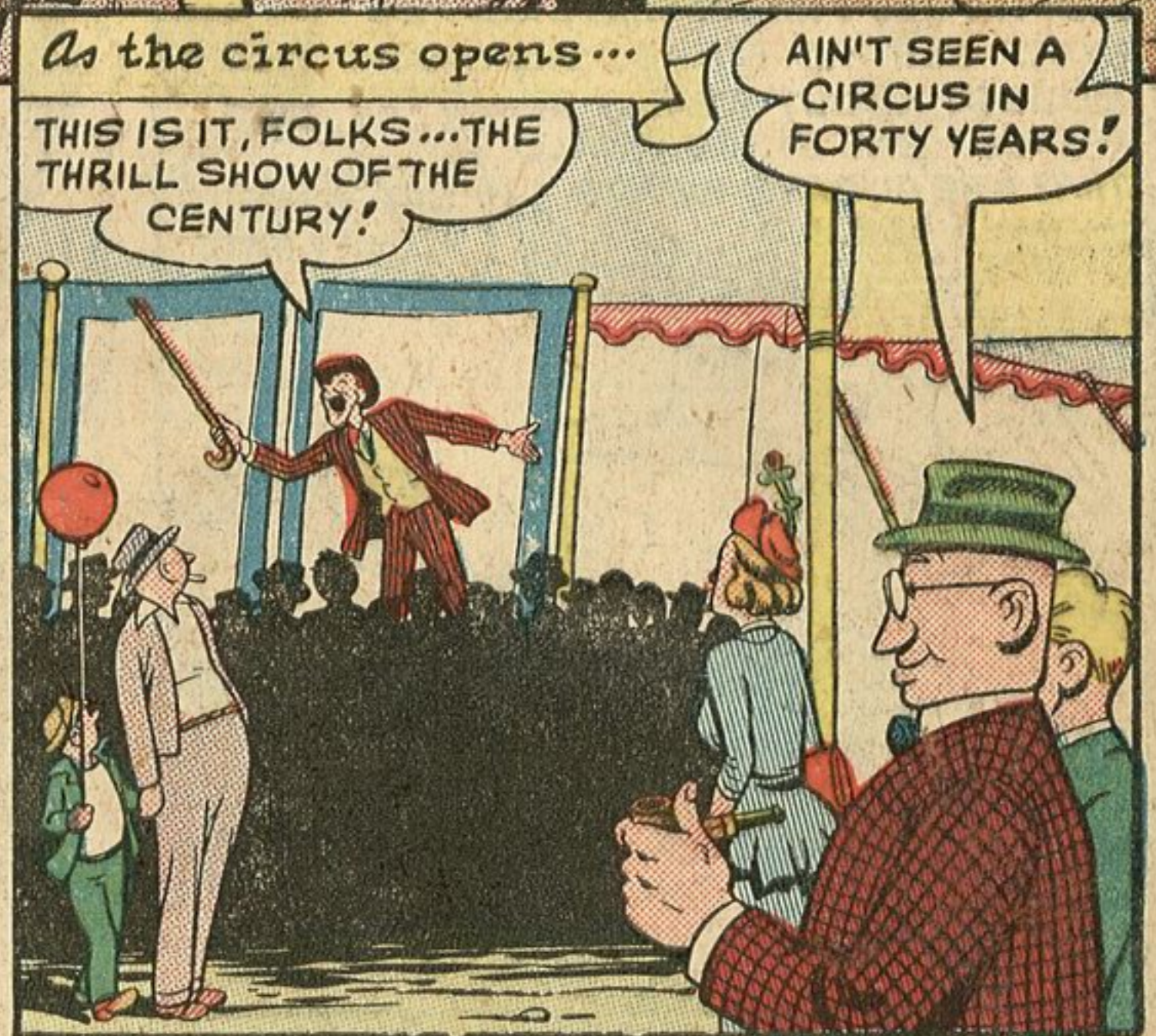
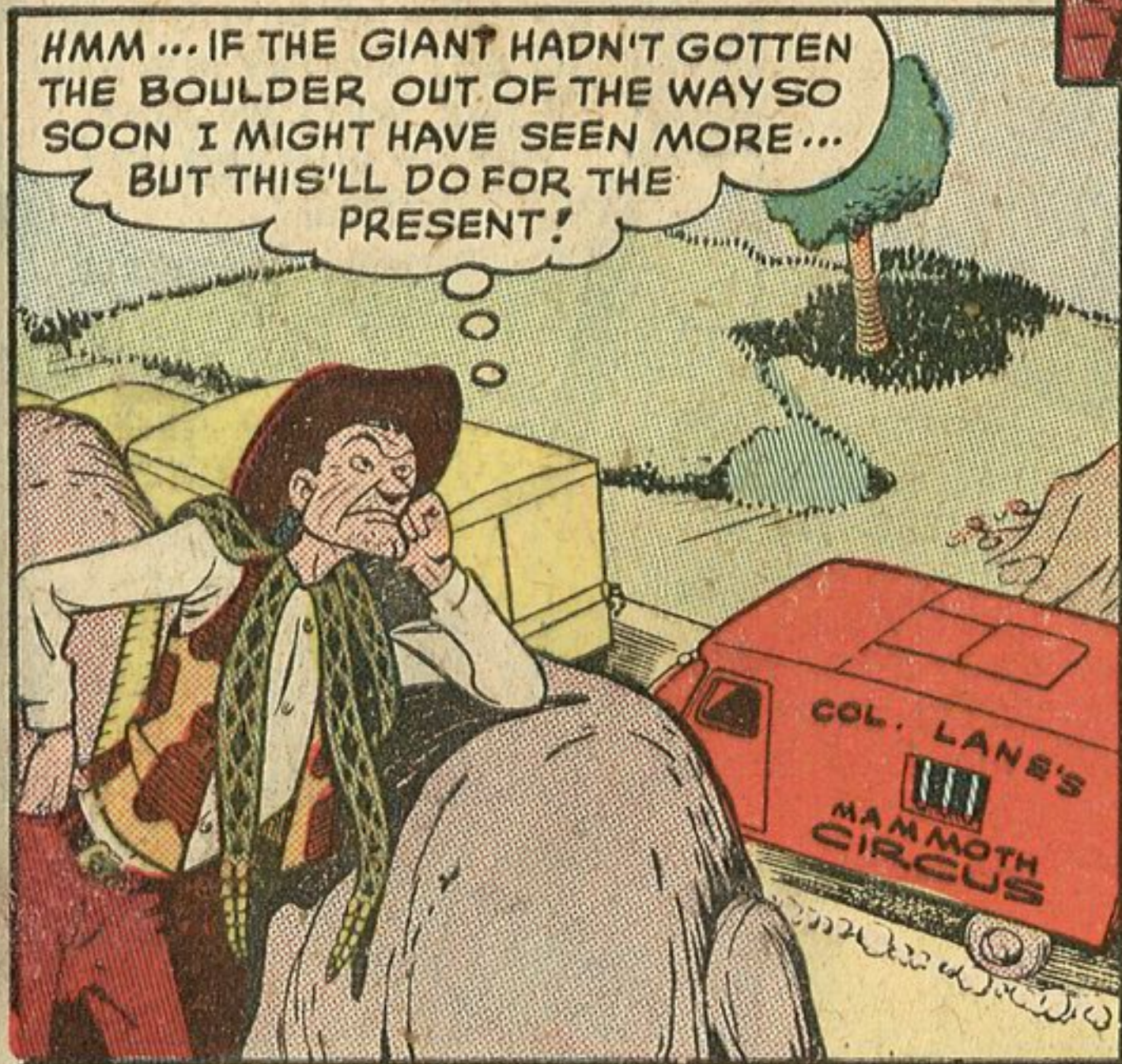
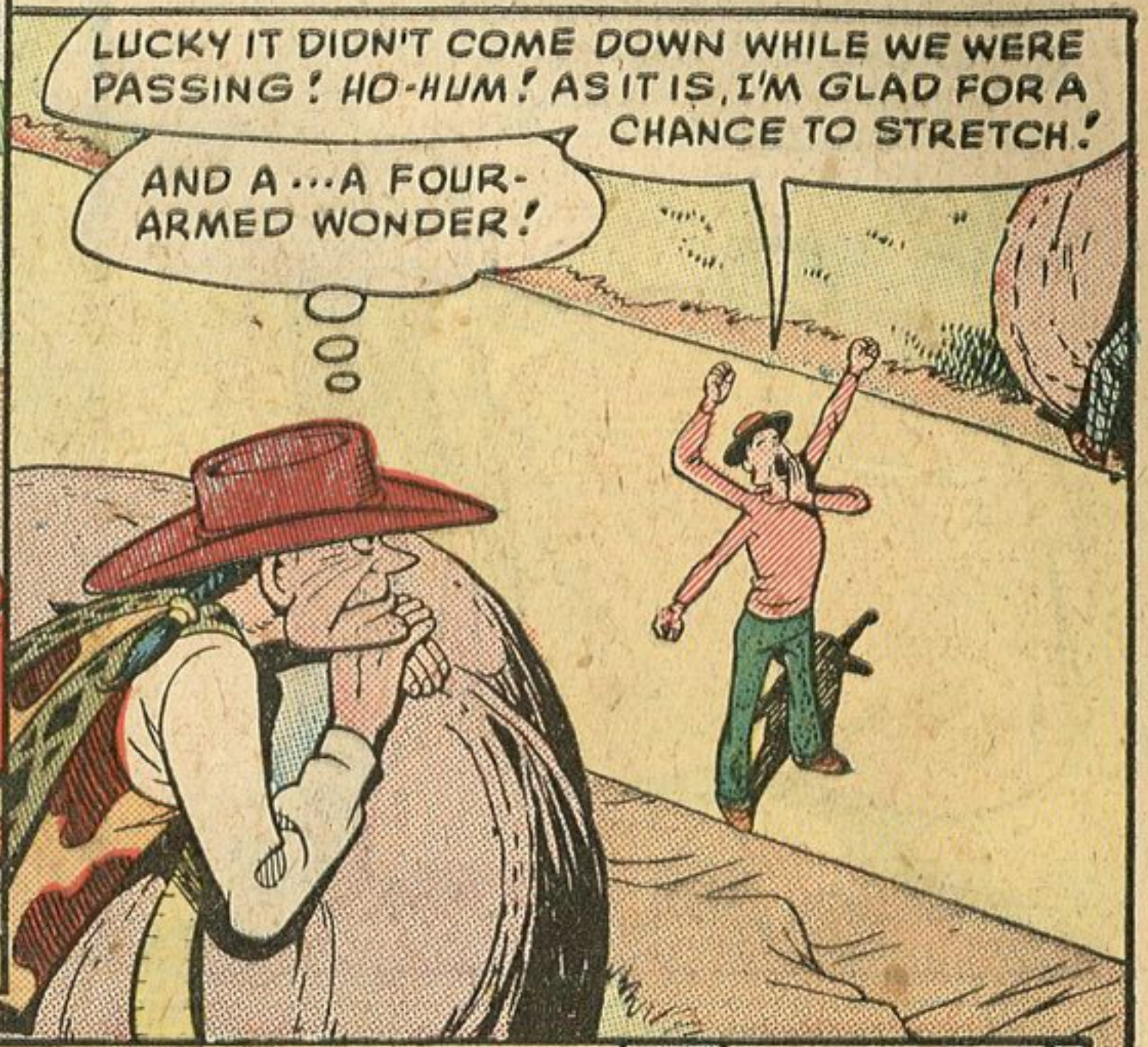
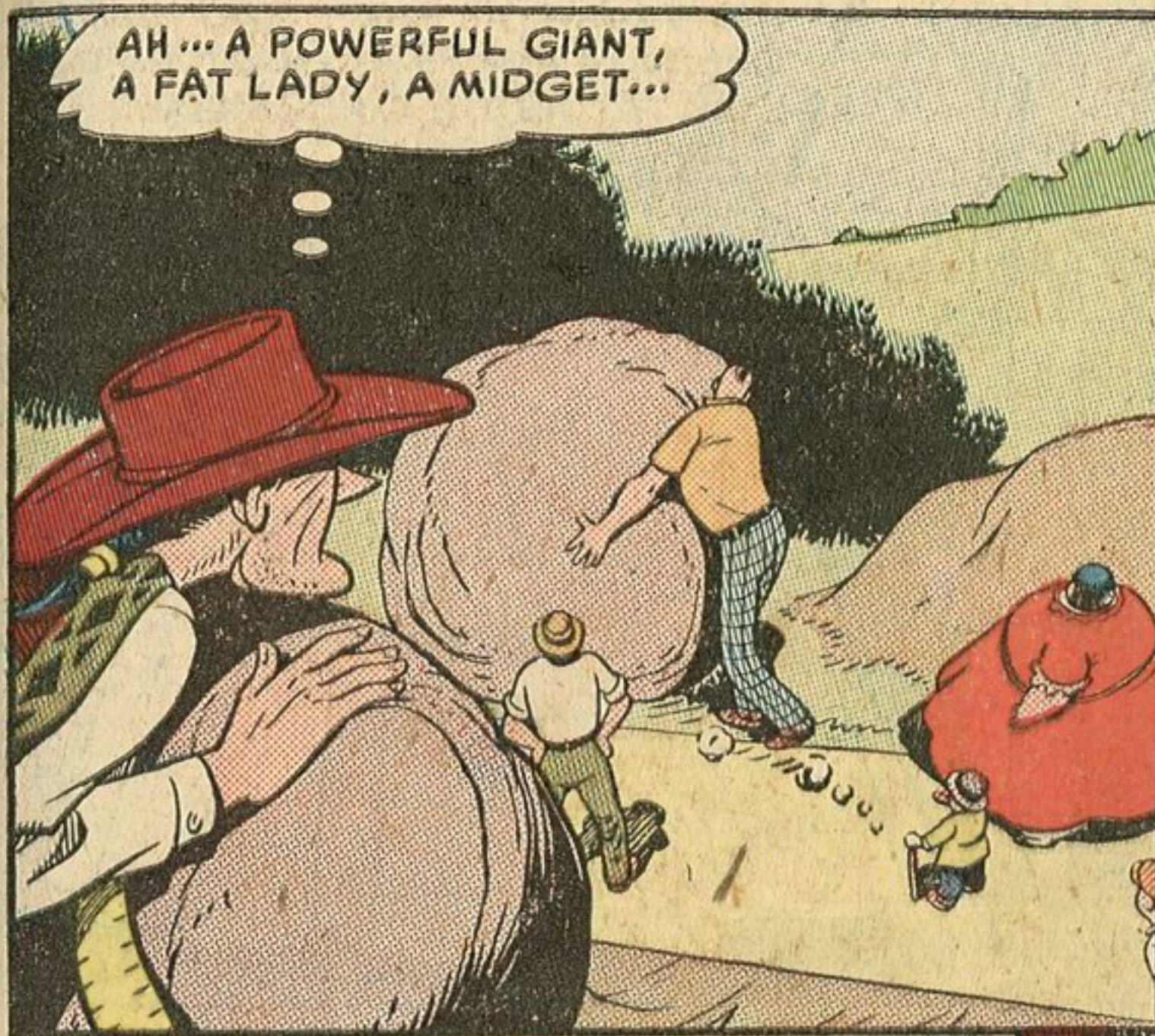


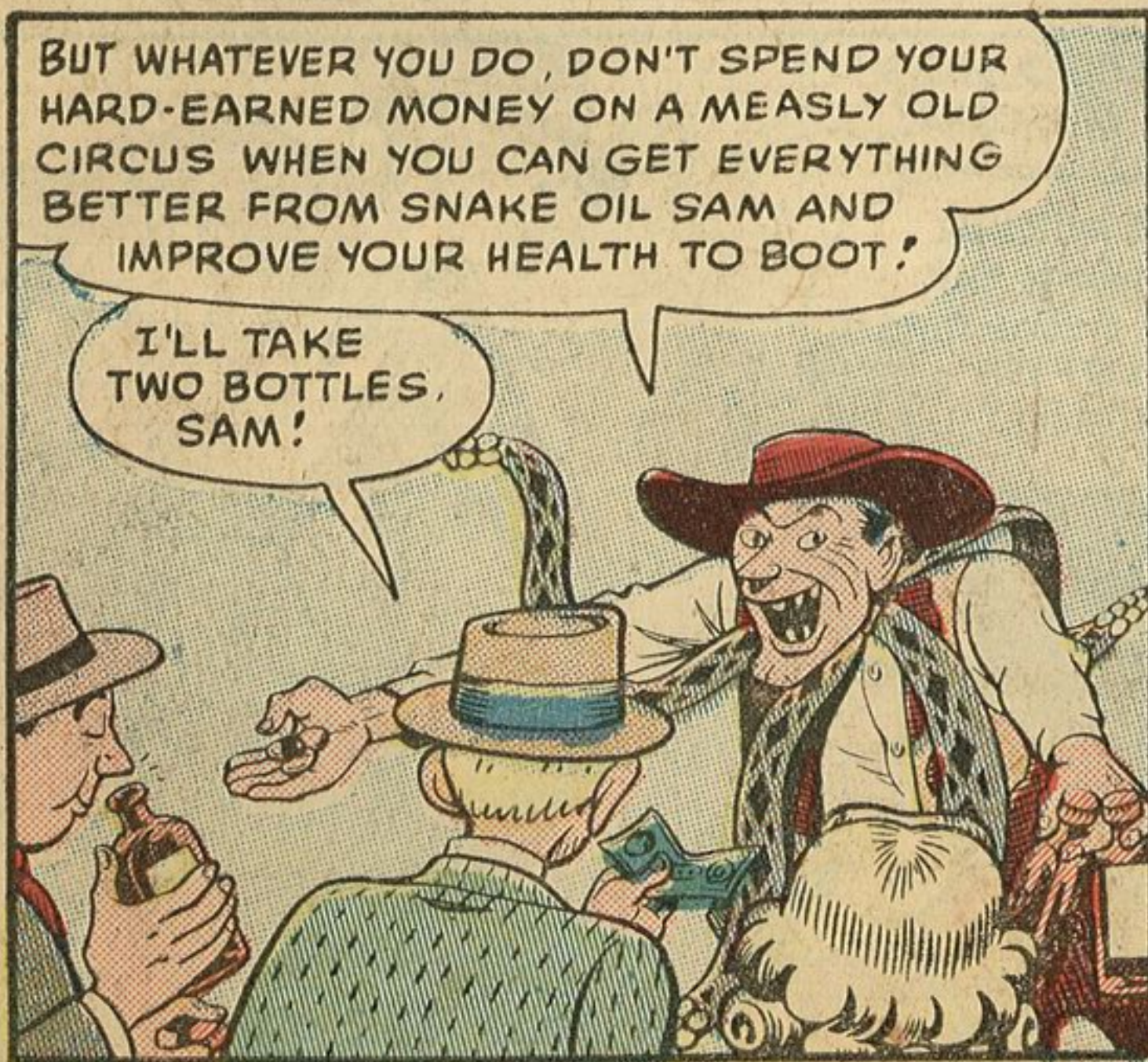
THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME
FROM MAKING AN UNINTERRUPTED
CLEANUP AS LONG AS I CHOOSE
TO REMAIN IN THESE
PARTS... HUH?
GRAWK!

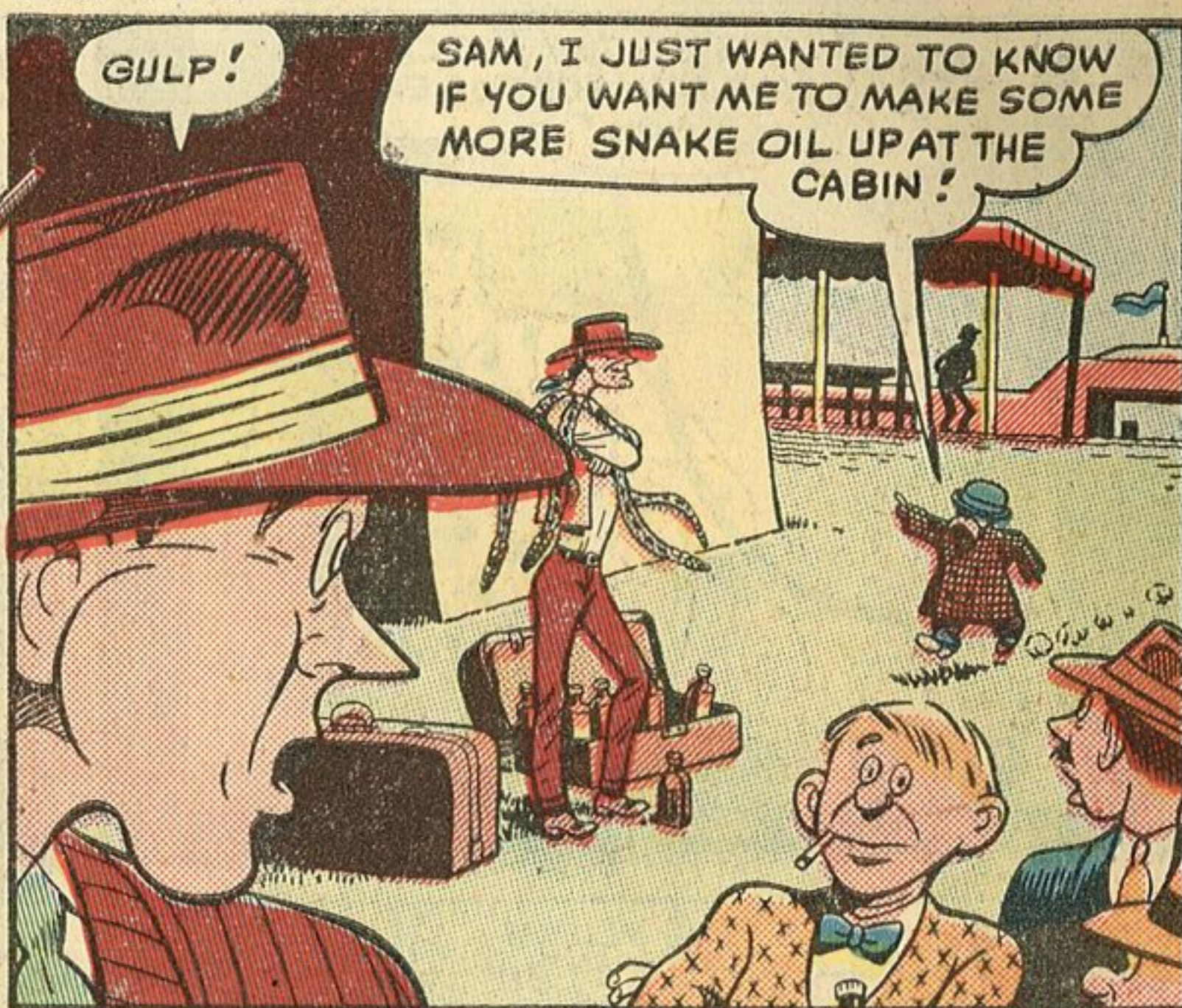


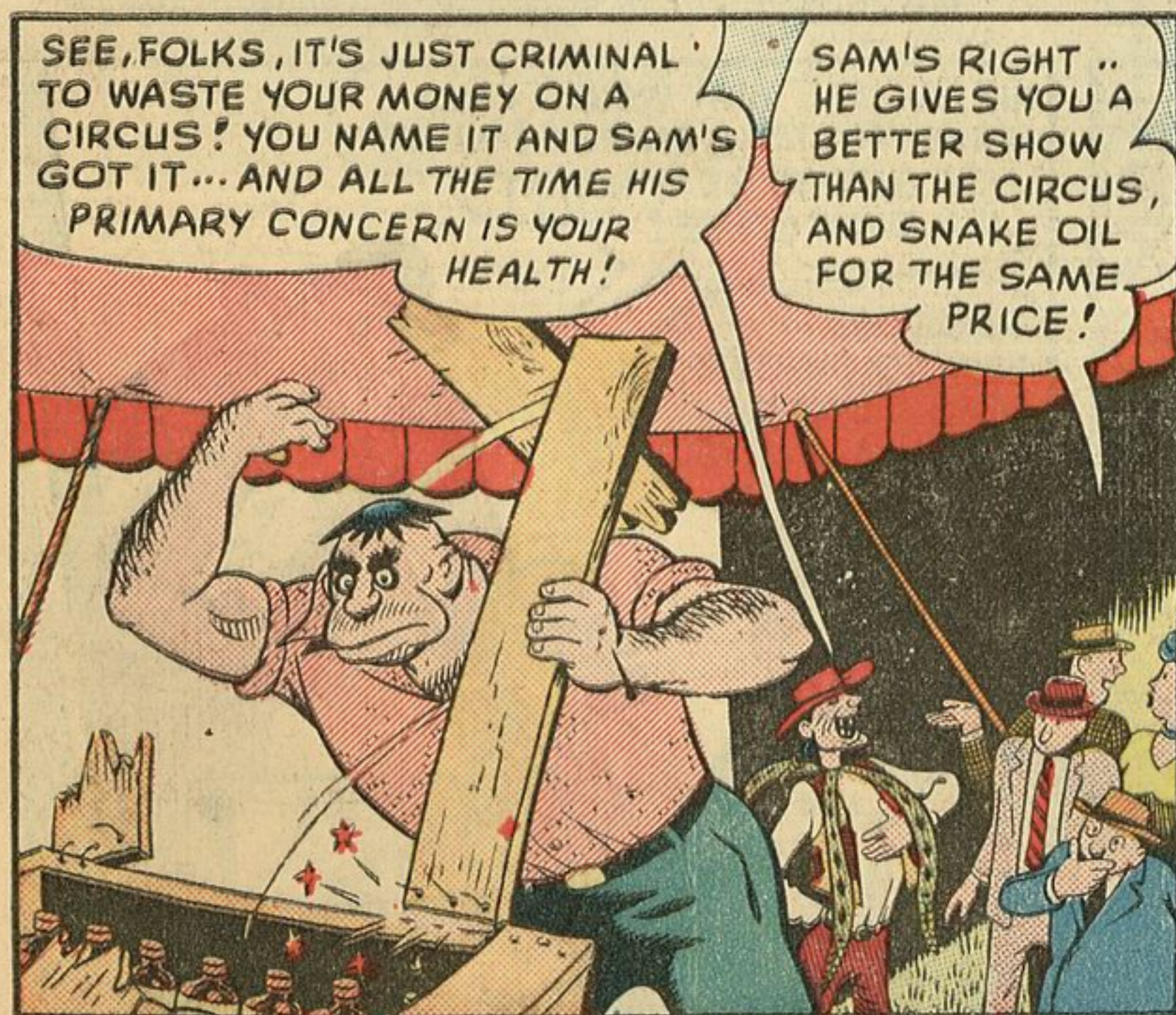
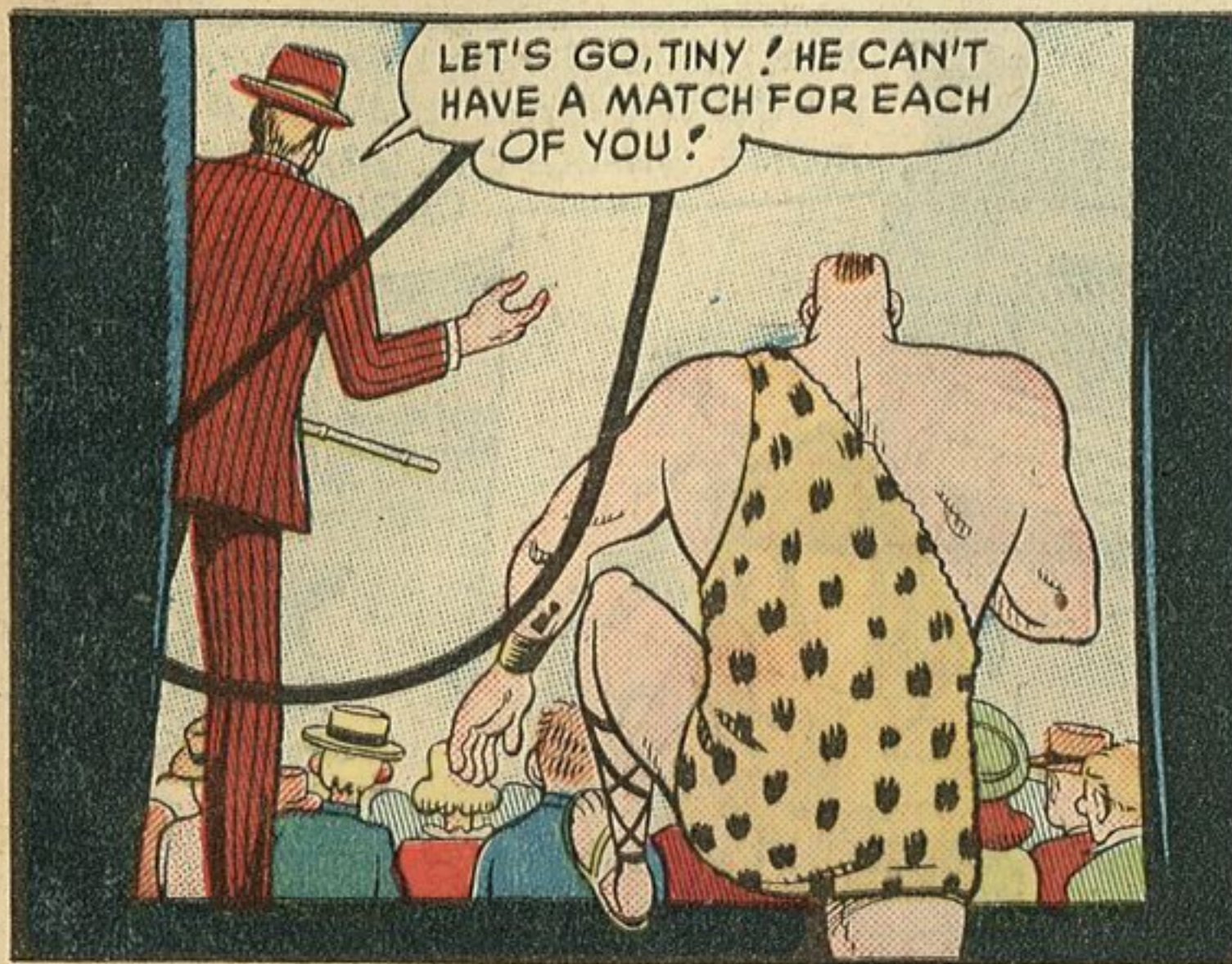


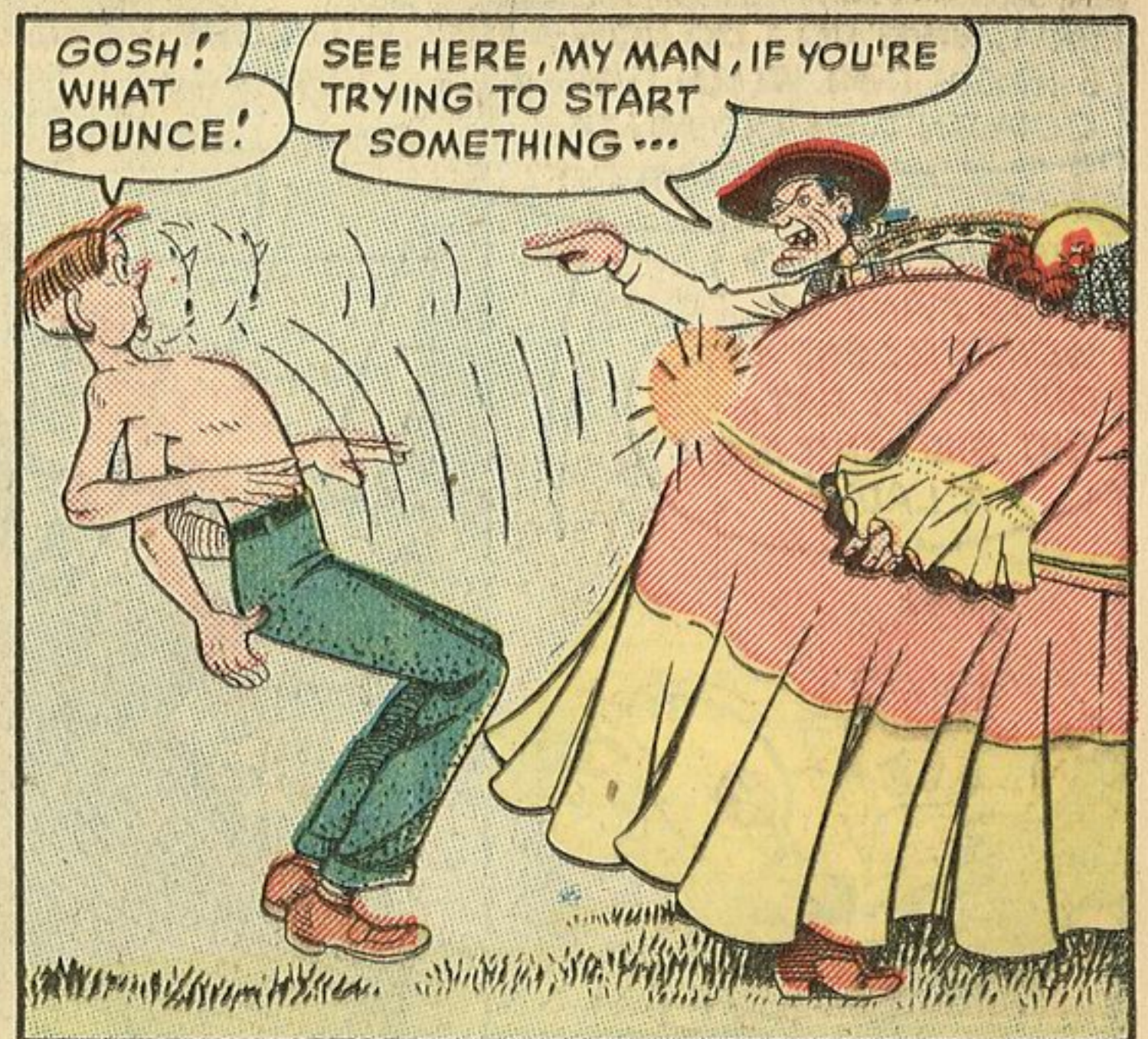
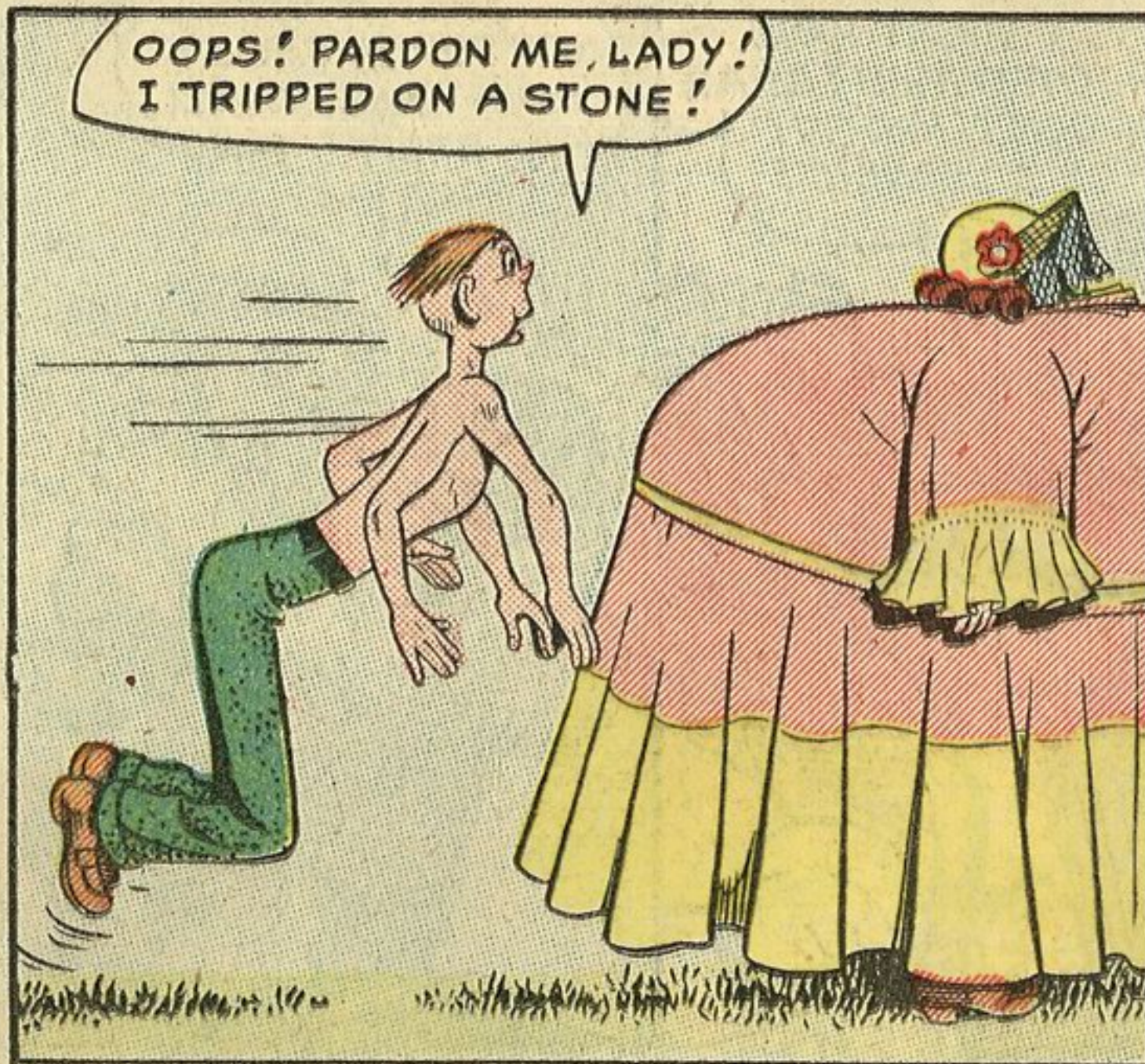


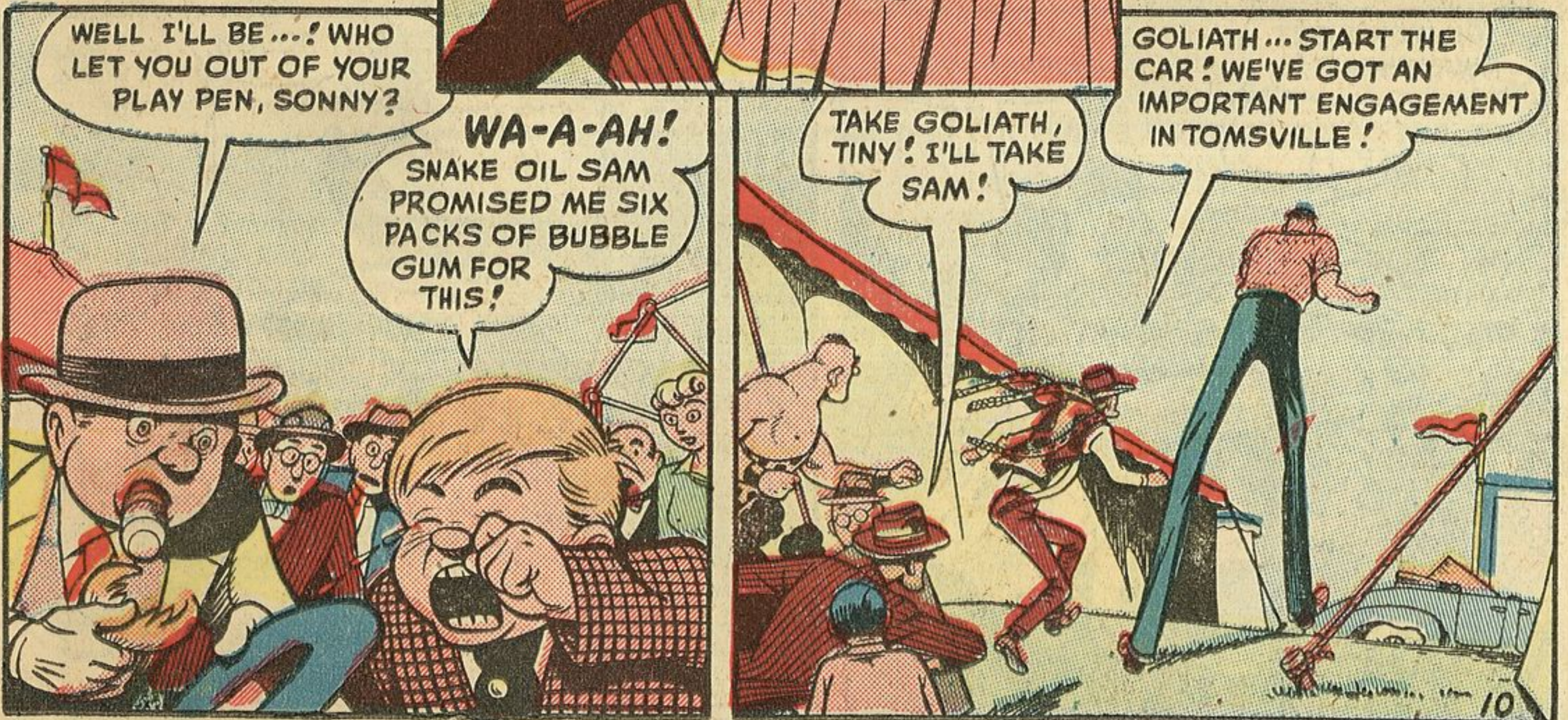
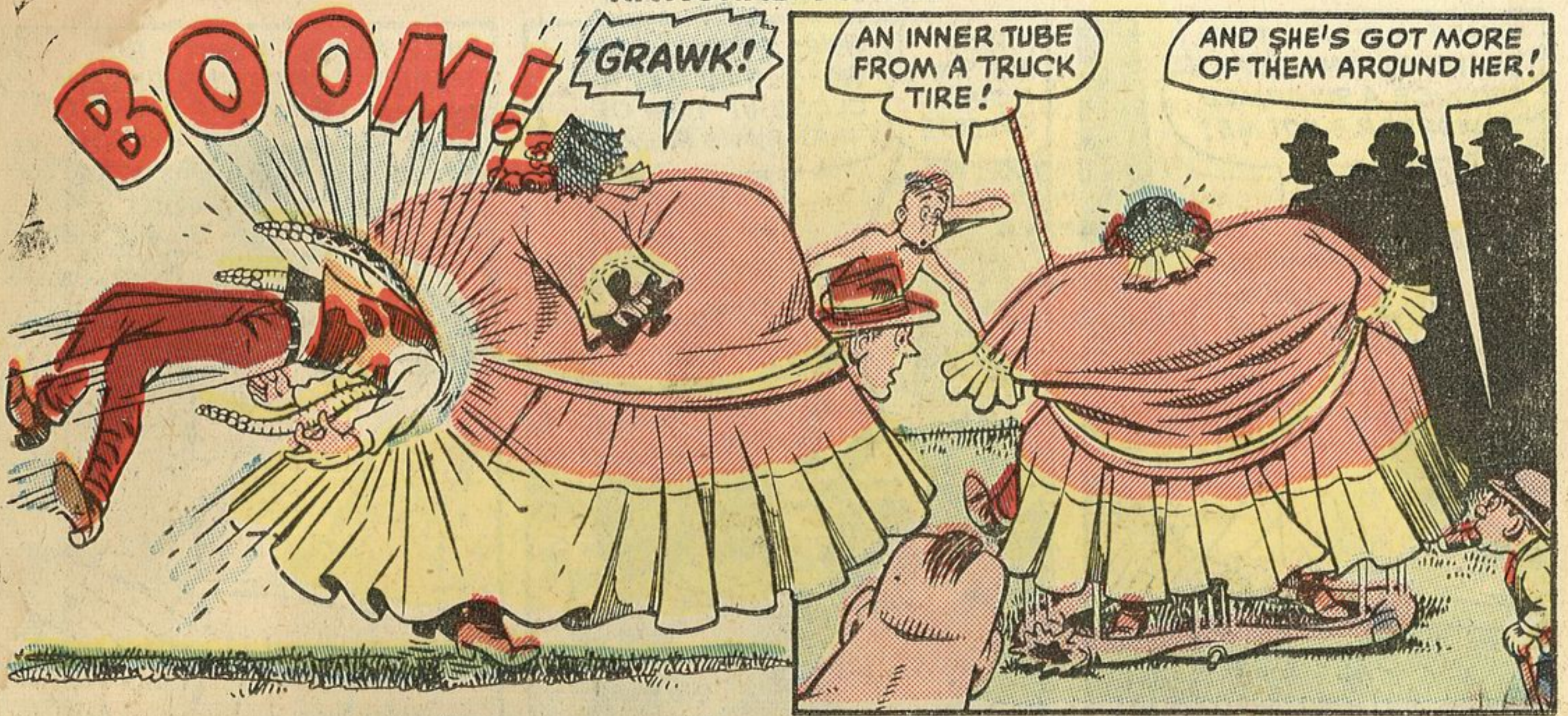


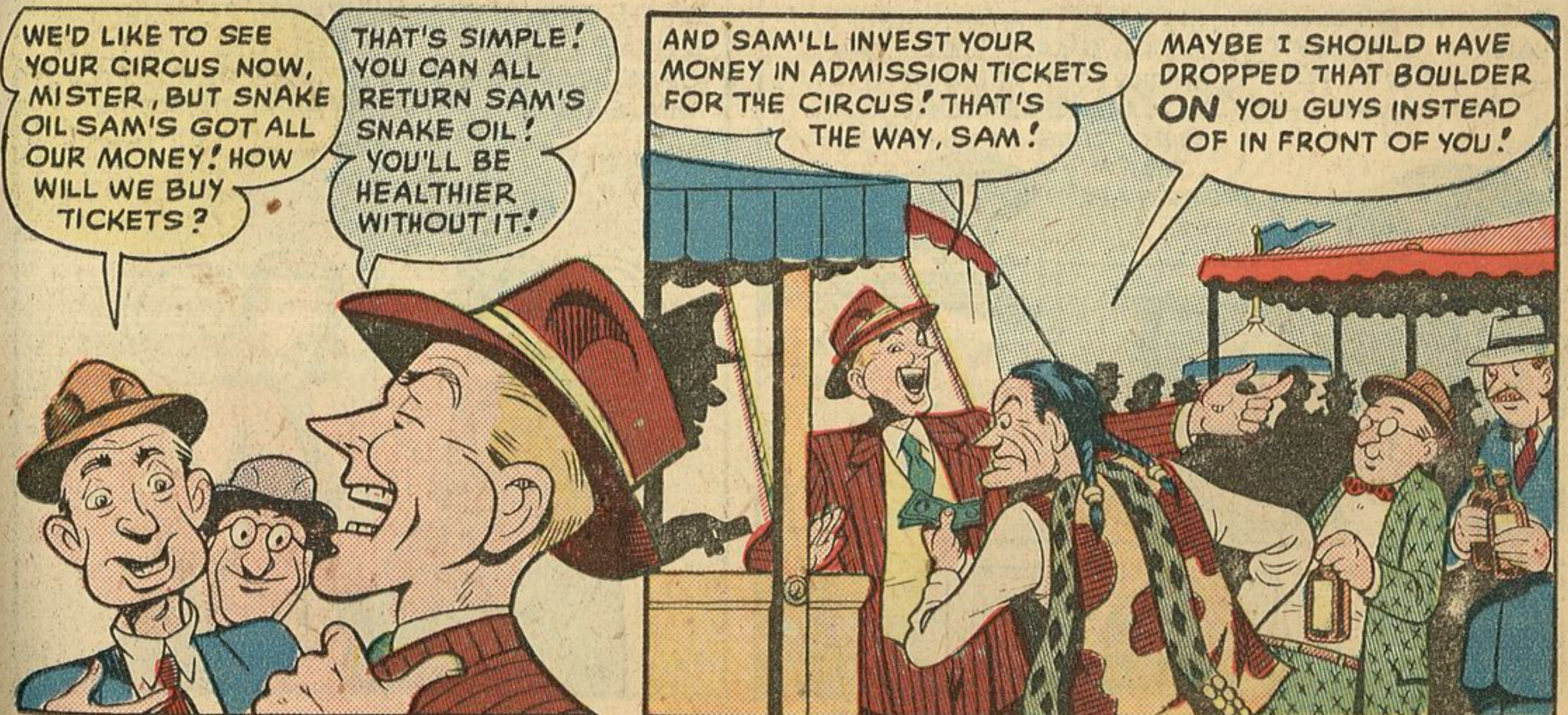
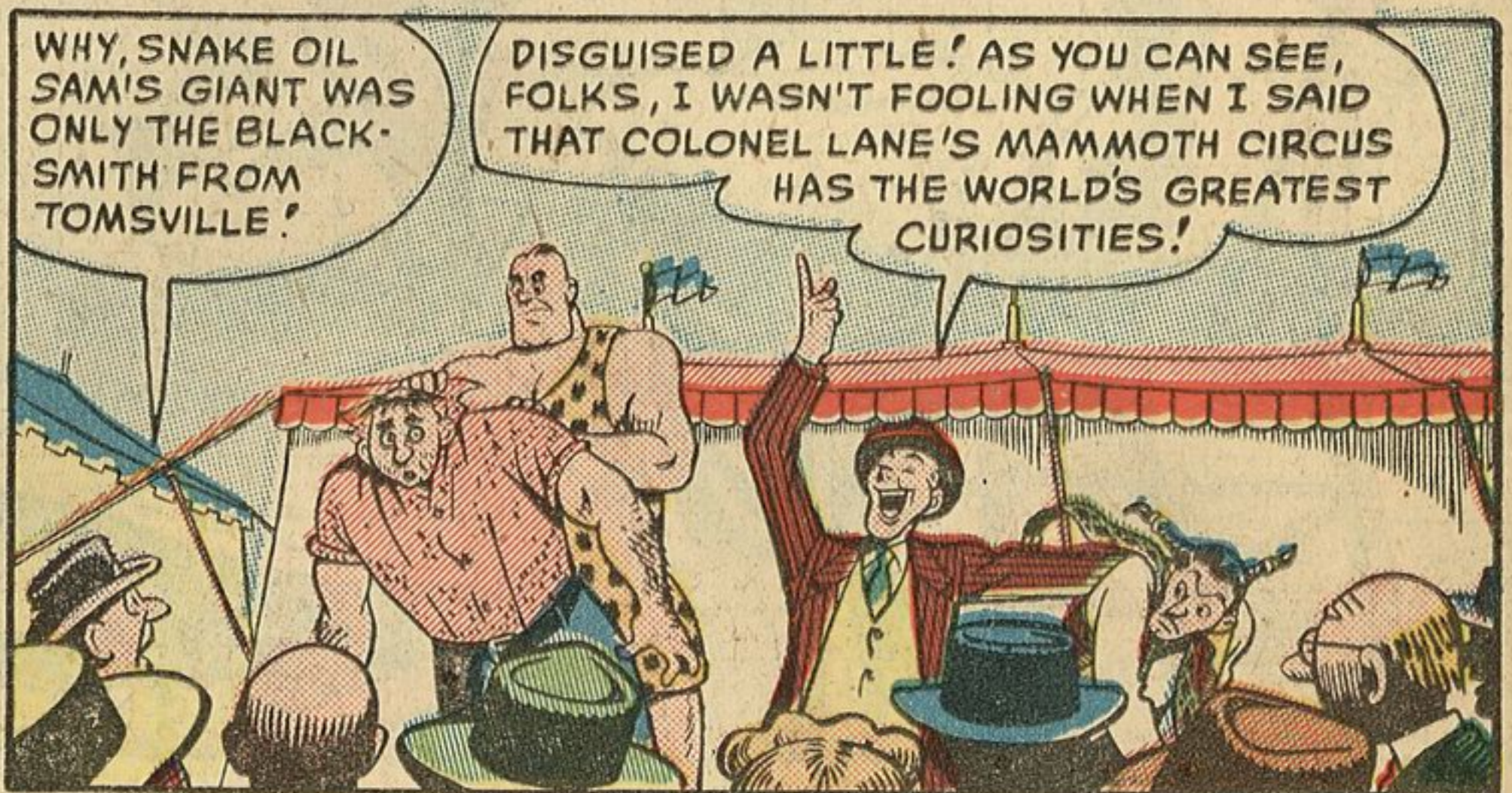
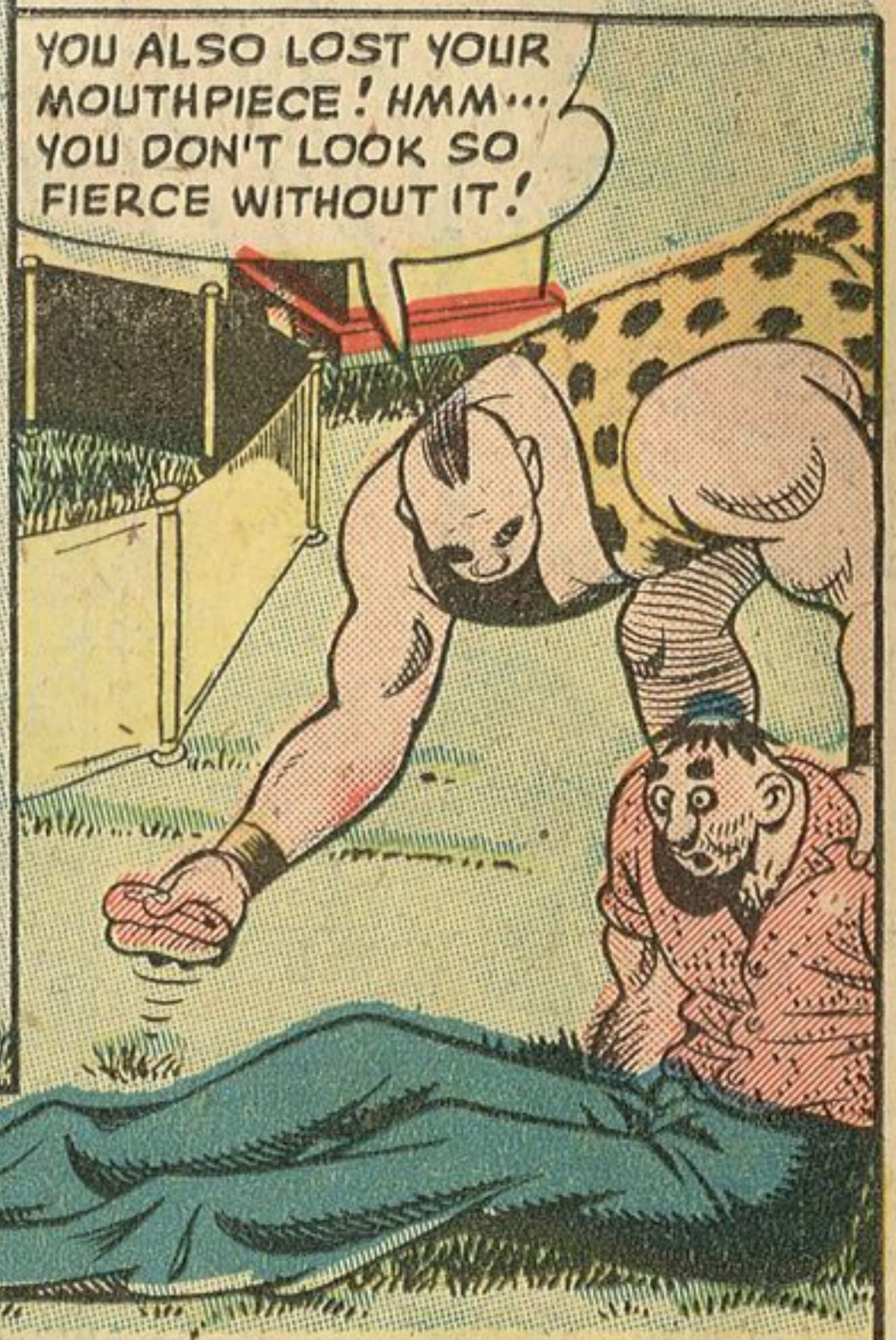






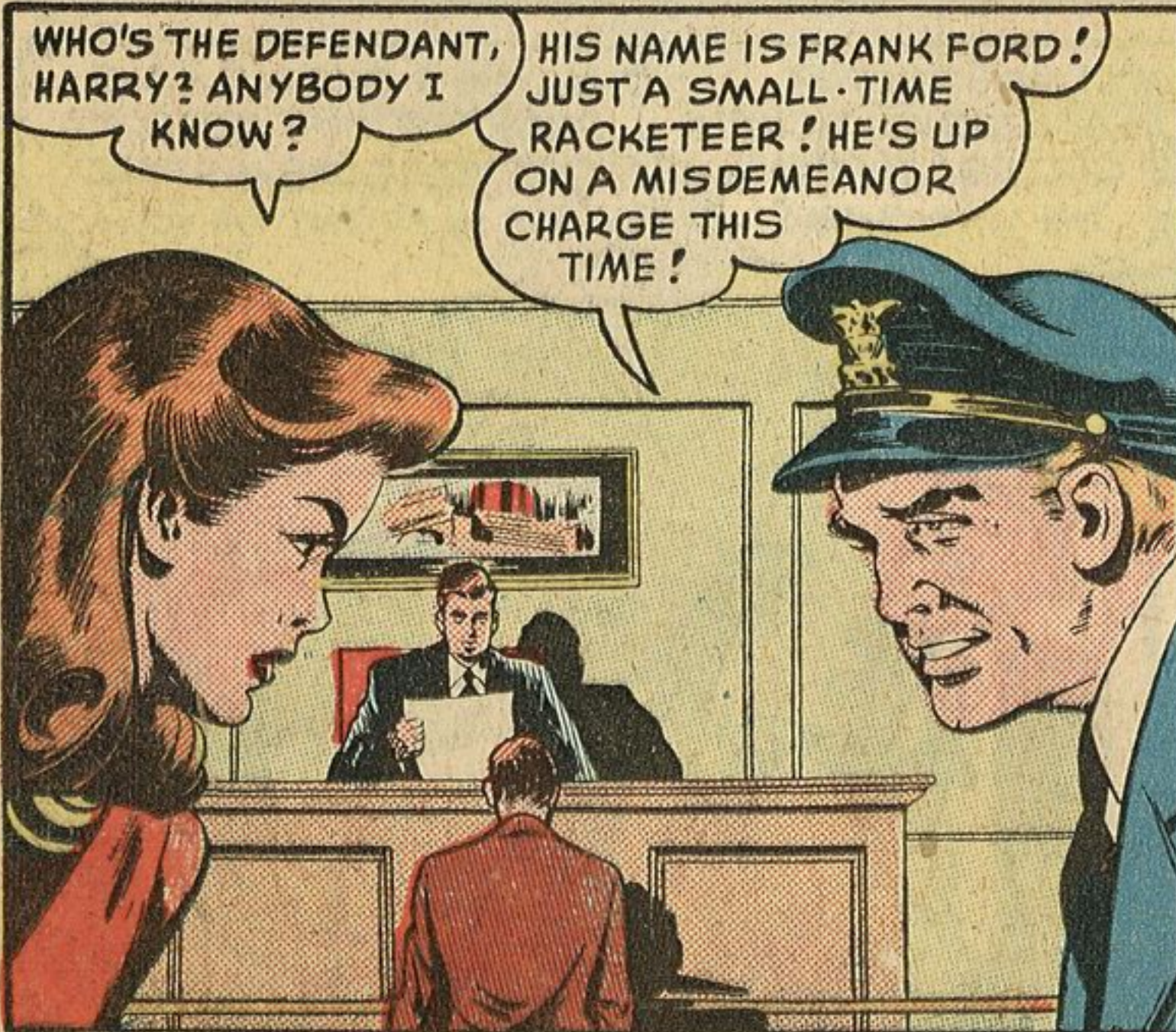






Sally O'Neil

YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING ABOUT THERE BEING NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES! WELL, SALLY O'NEIL, POLICEWOMAN, LEARNS THAT THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS BROTHERLY LOVE EITHER! AND SHE LEARNS IT NEARLY AT THE COST OF HER LIFE, WHEN SHE MEETS UP WITH THE INFAMOUS AND DEADLY FORD BROTHERS!



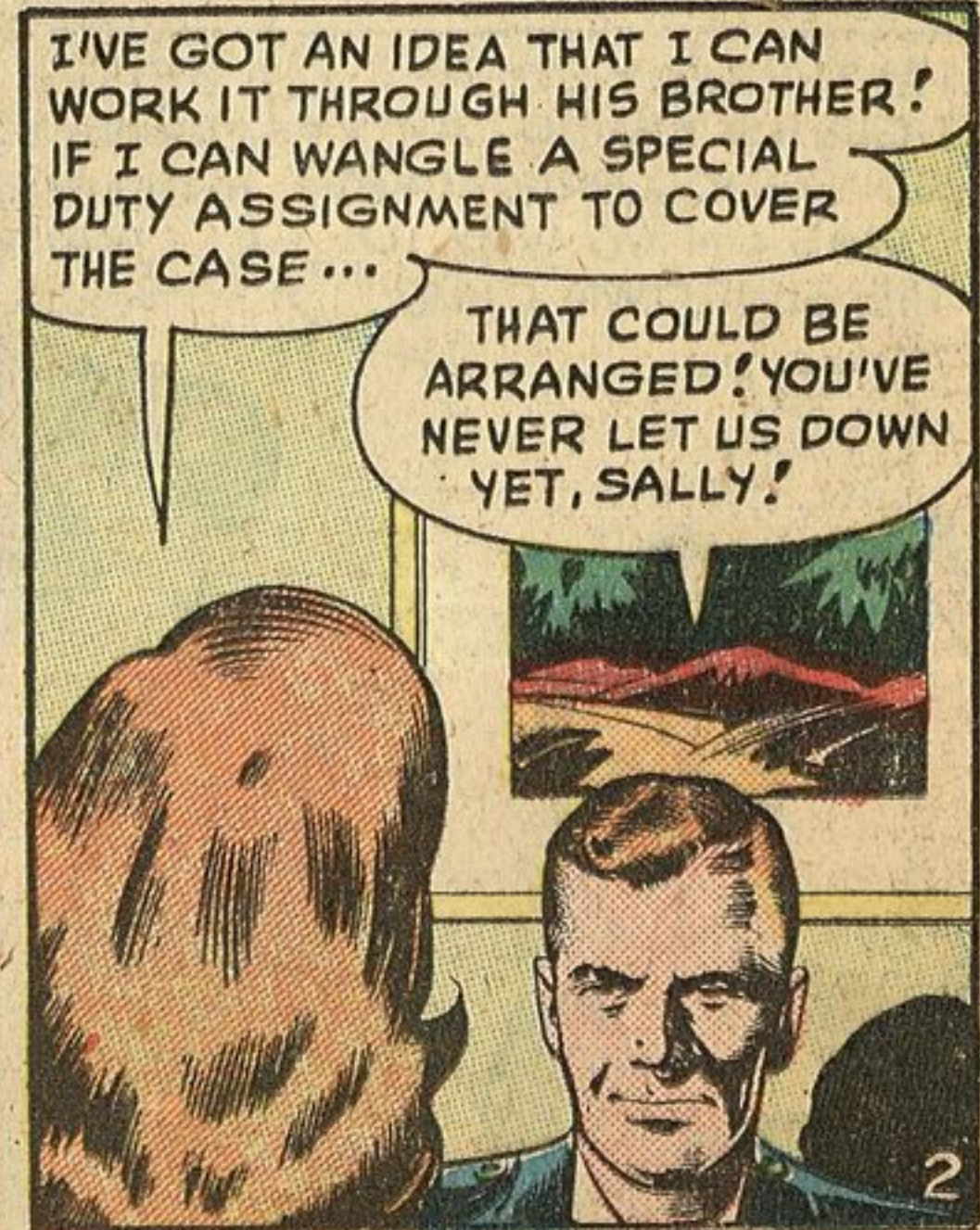
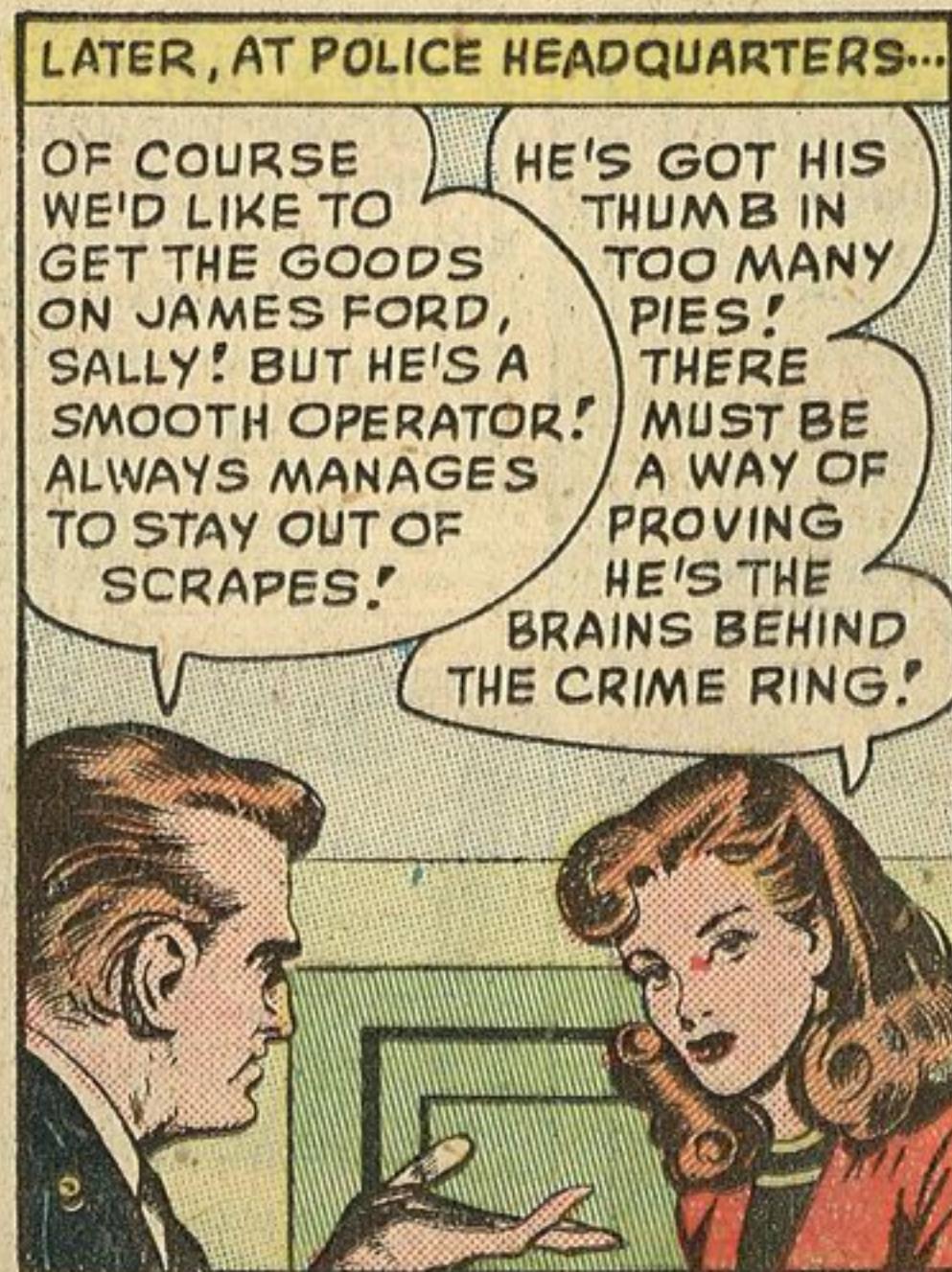
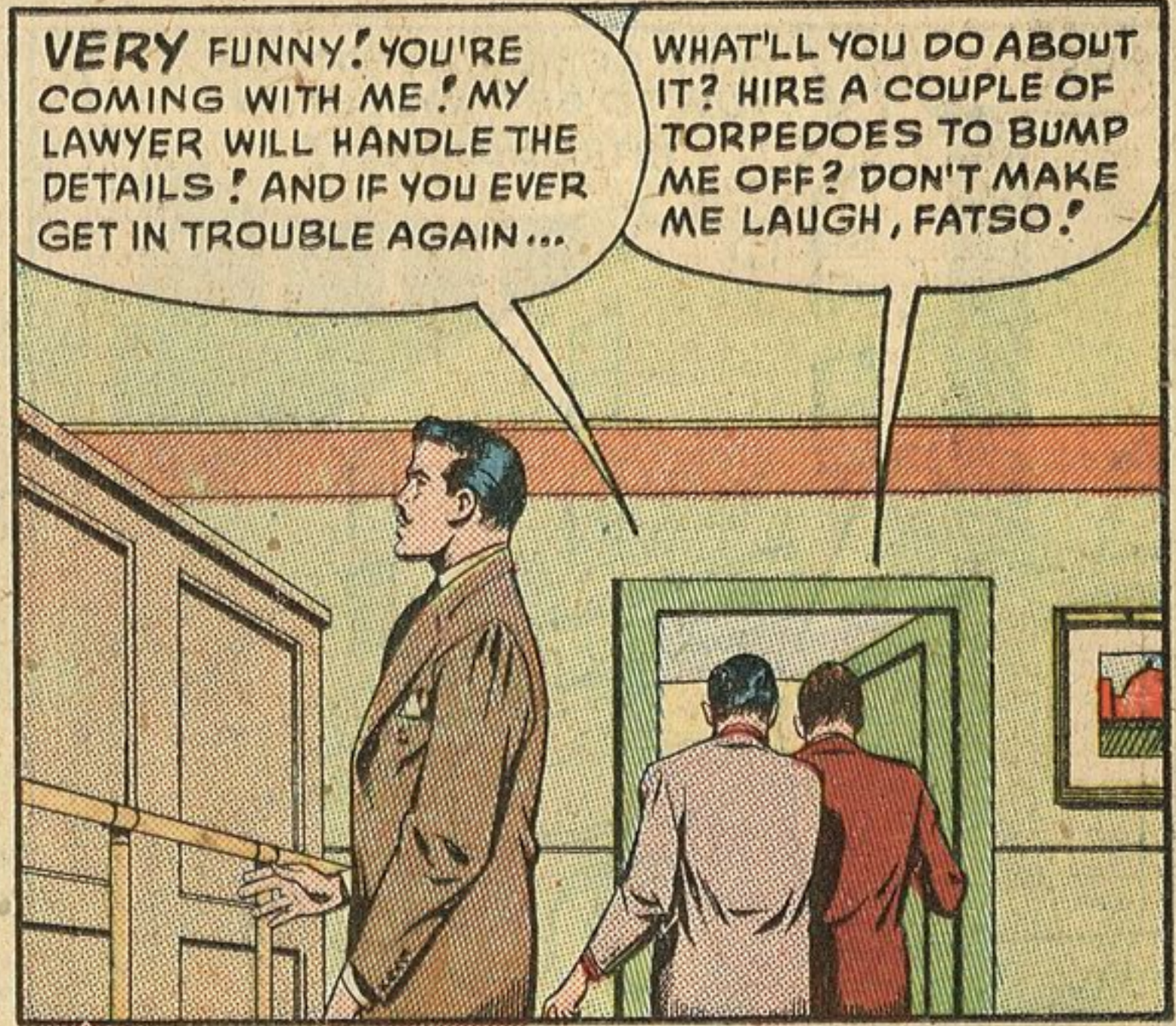
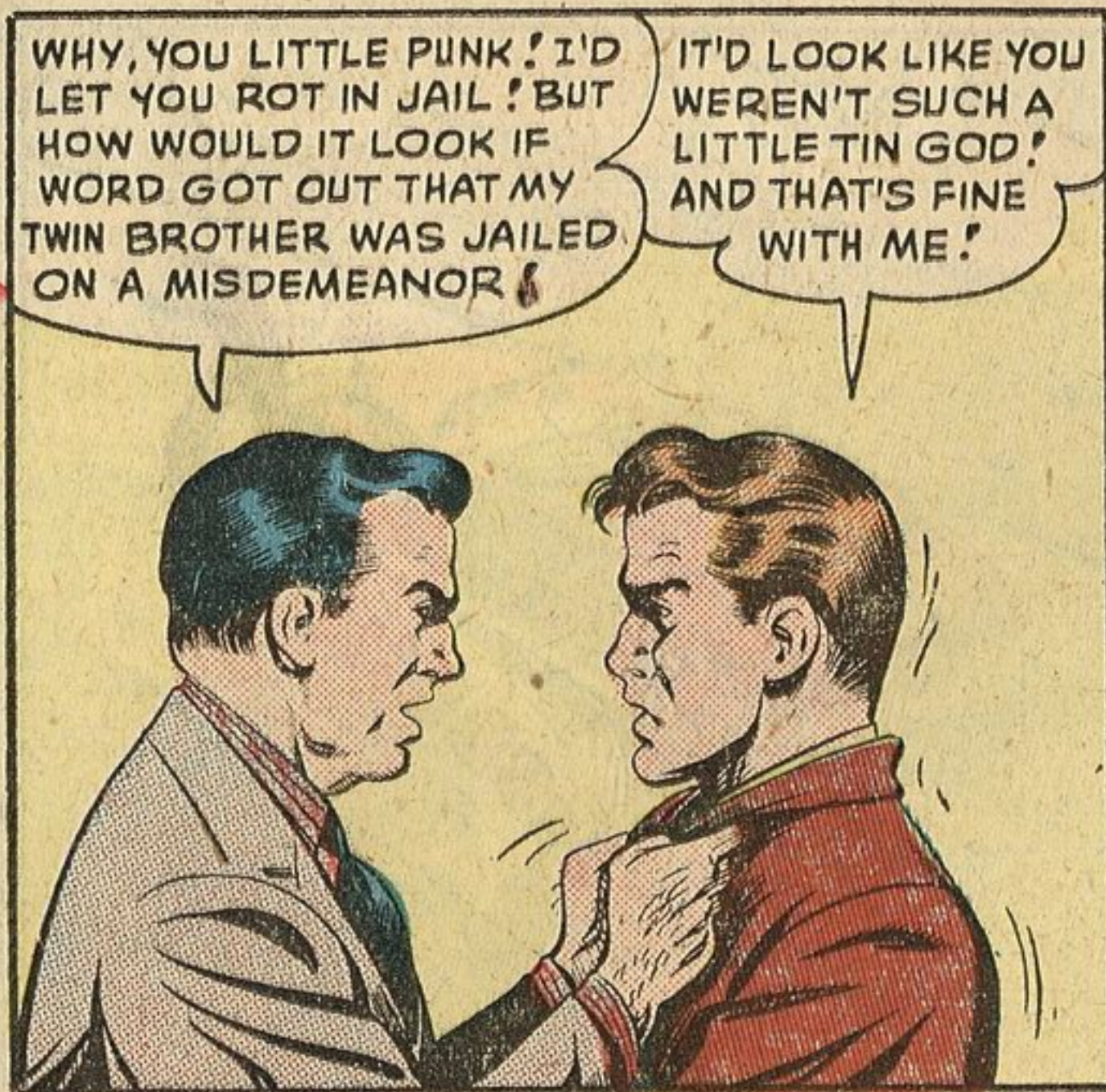
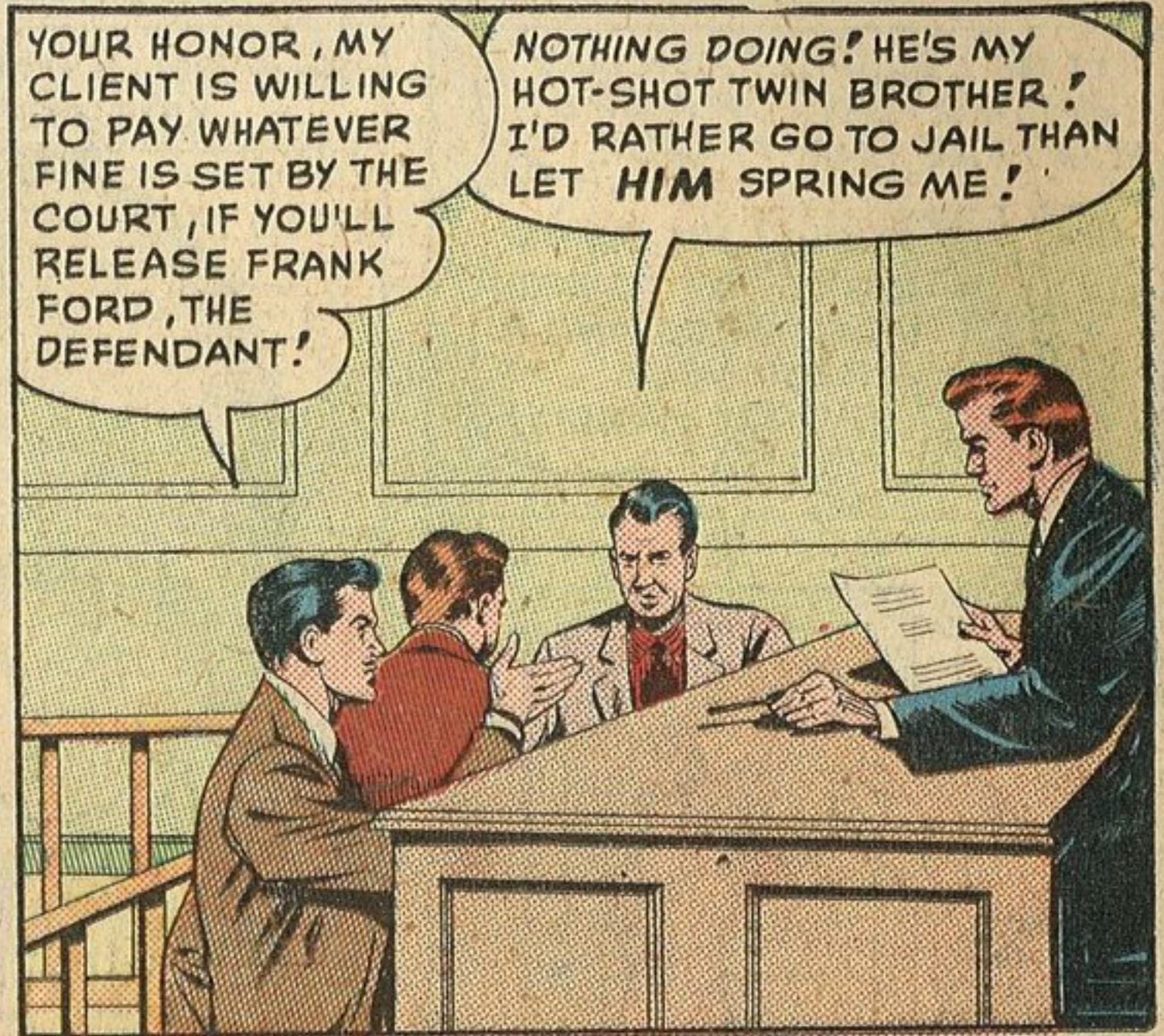
WHO'S THE DEFENDANT, HARRY? ANYBODY I KNOW?

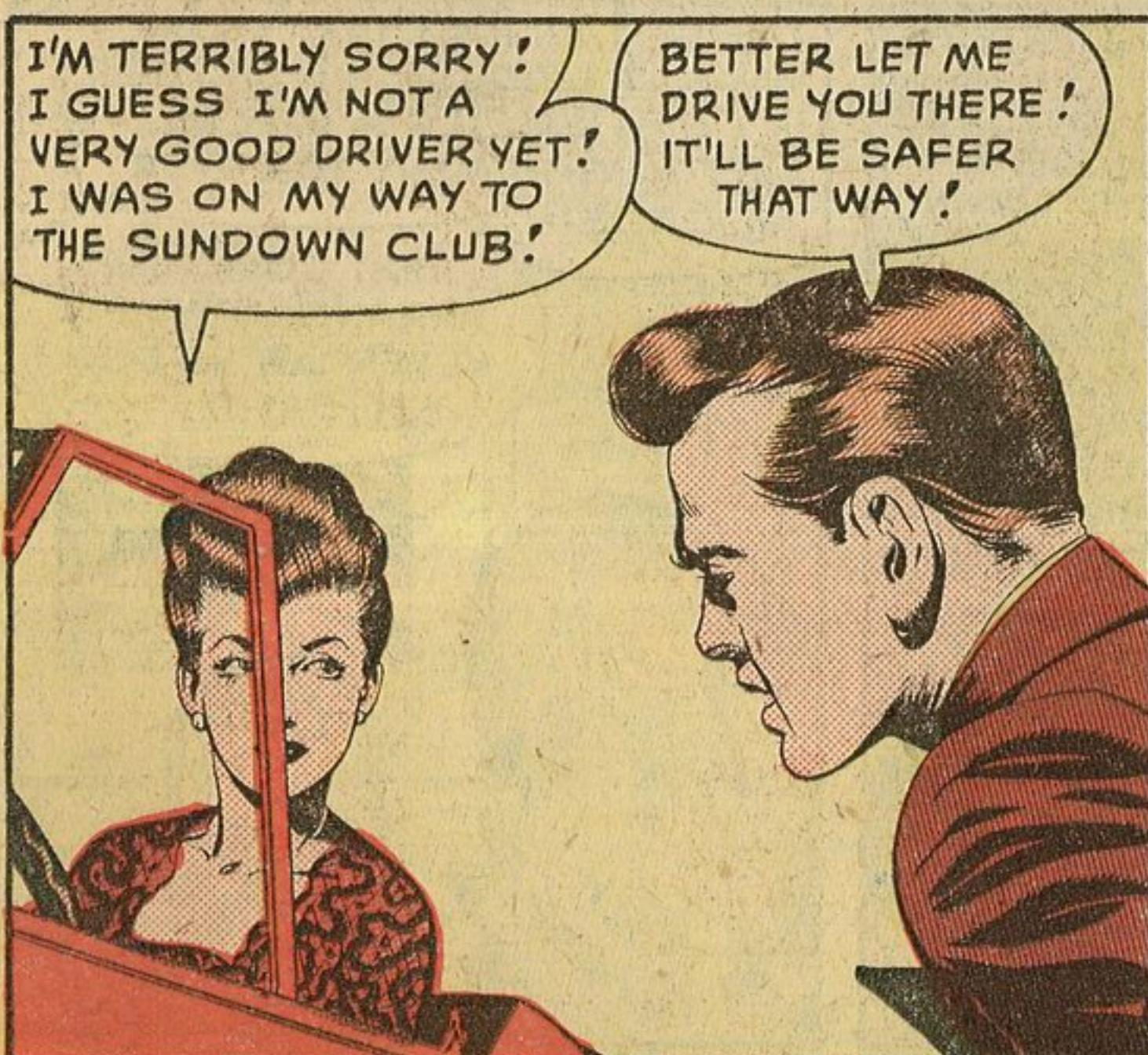
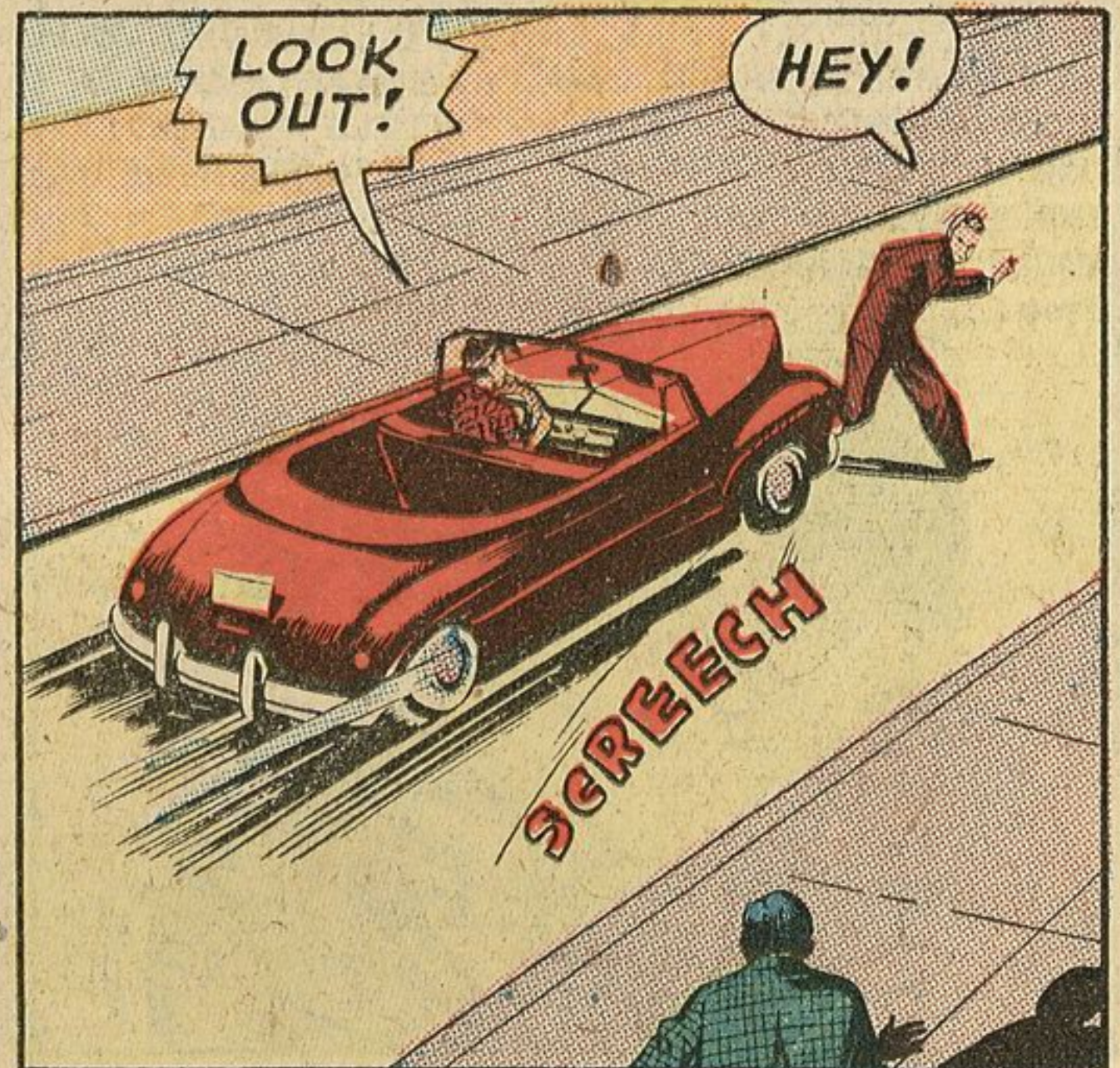
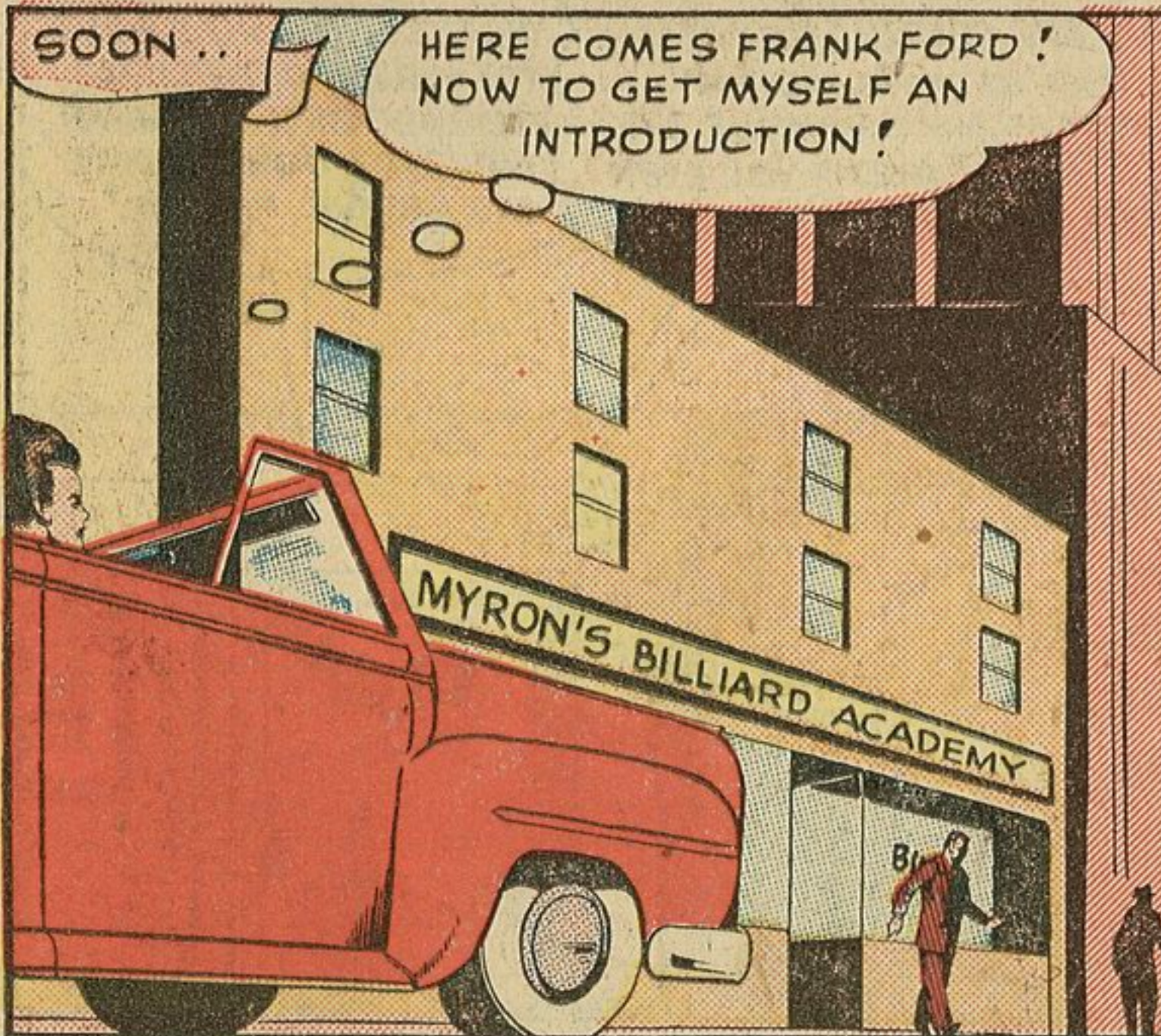
HIS NAME IS FRANK FORD! JUST A SMALL-TIME RACKETEER! HE'S UP ON A MISDEMEANOR CHARGE THIS TIME!

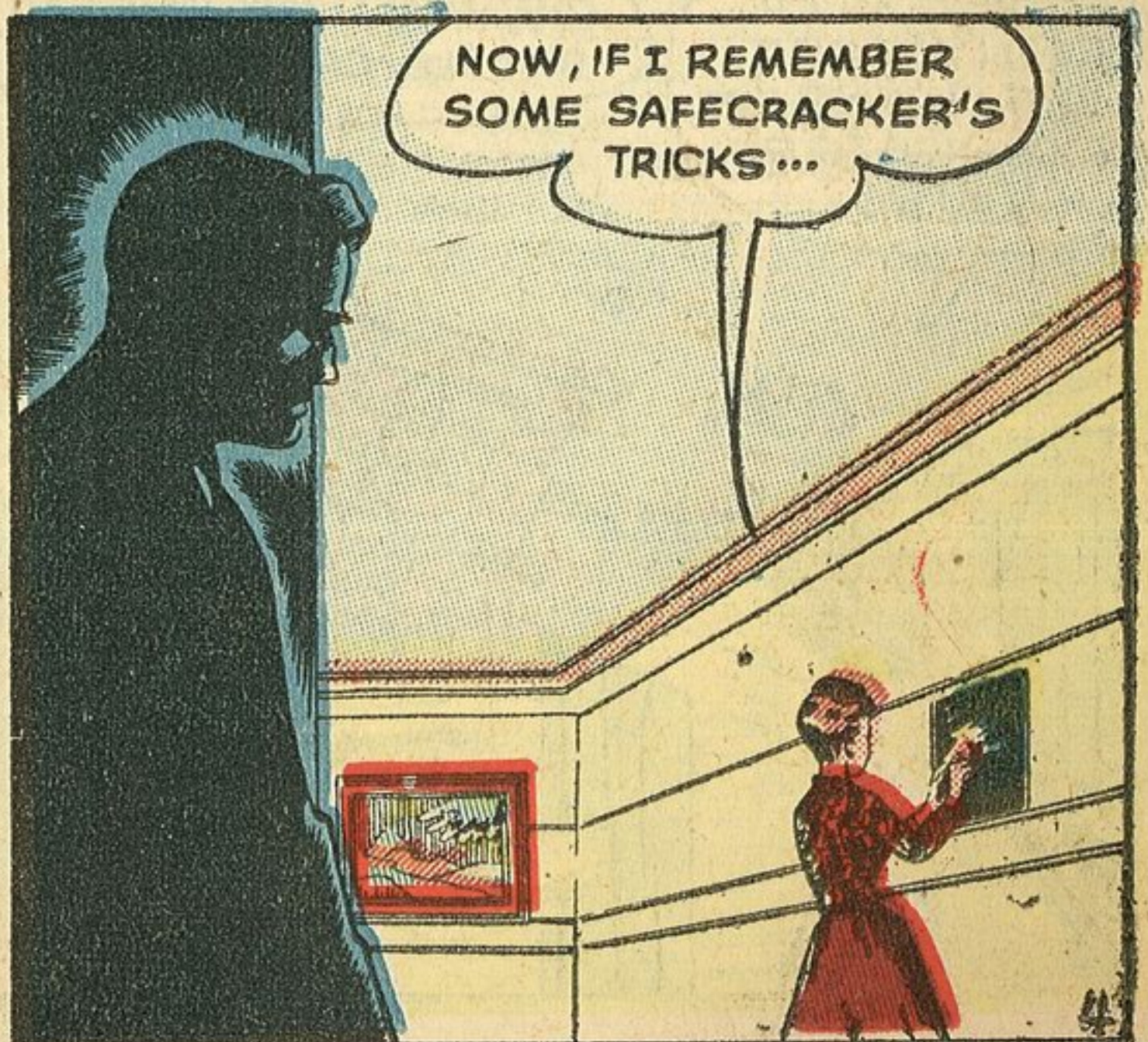
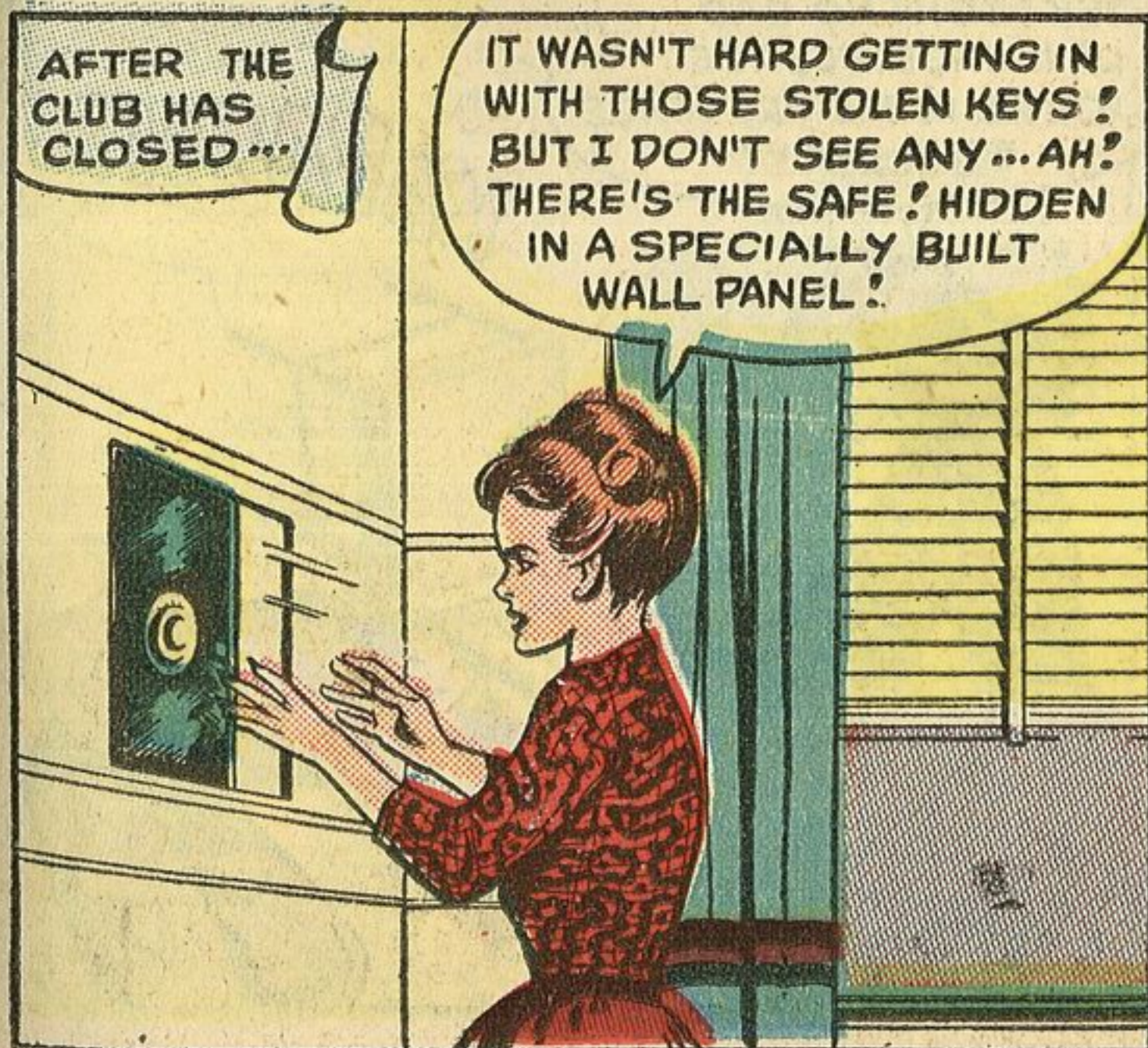


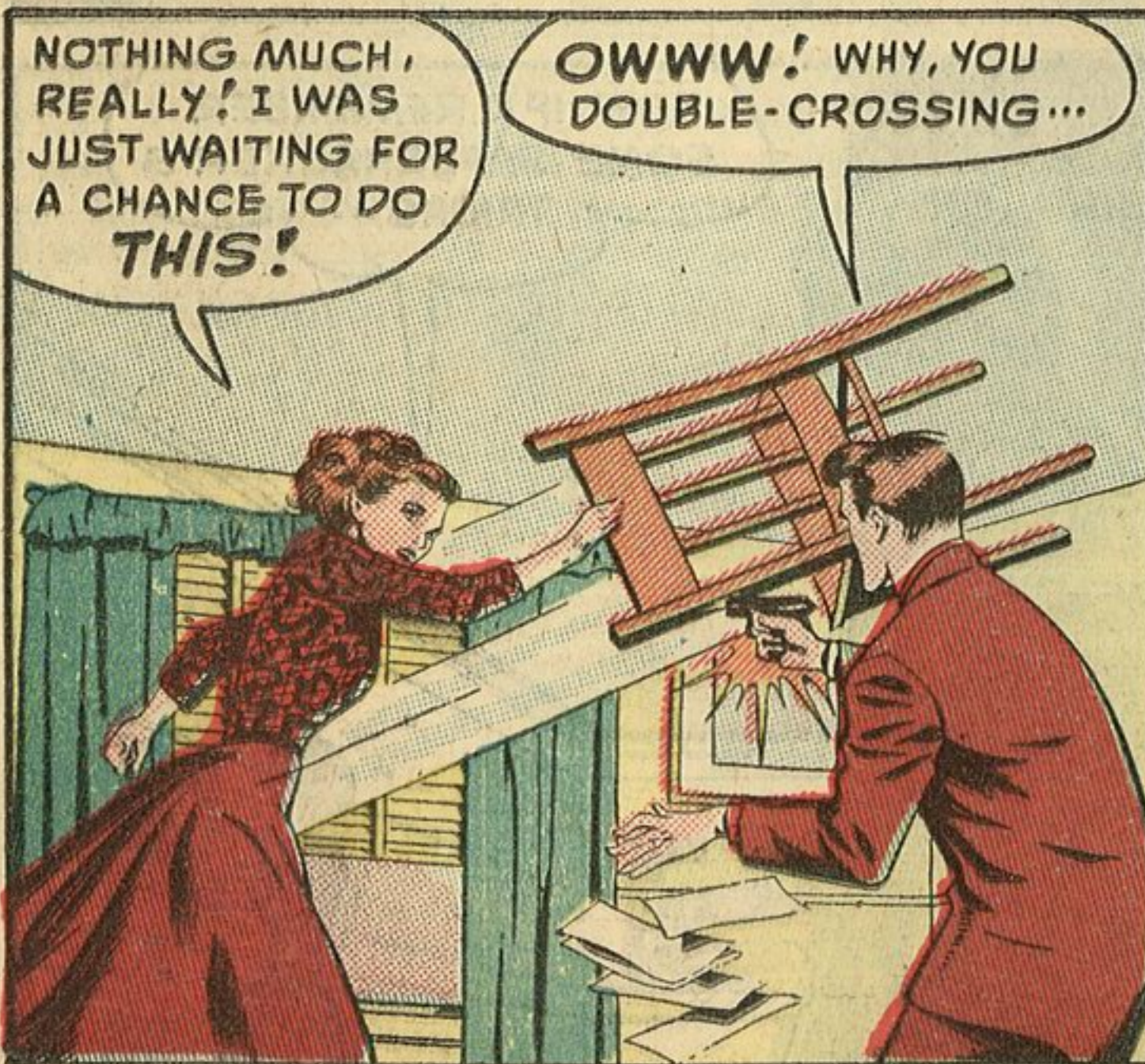
BUT HIS BROTHER IS JAMES FORD! YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM, SALLY!

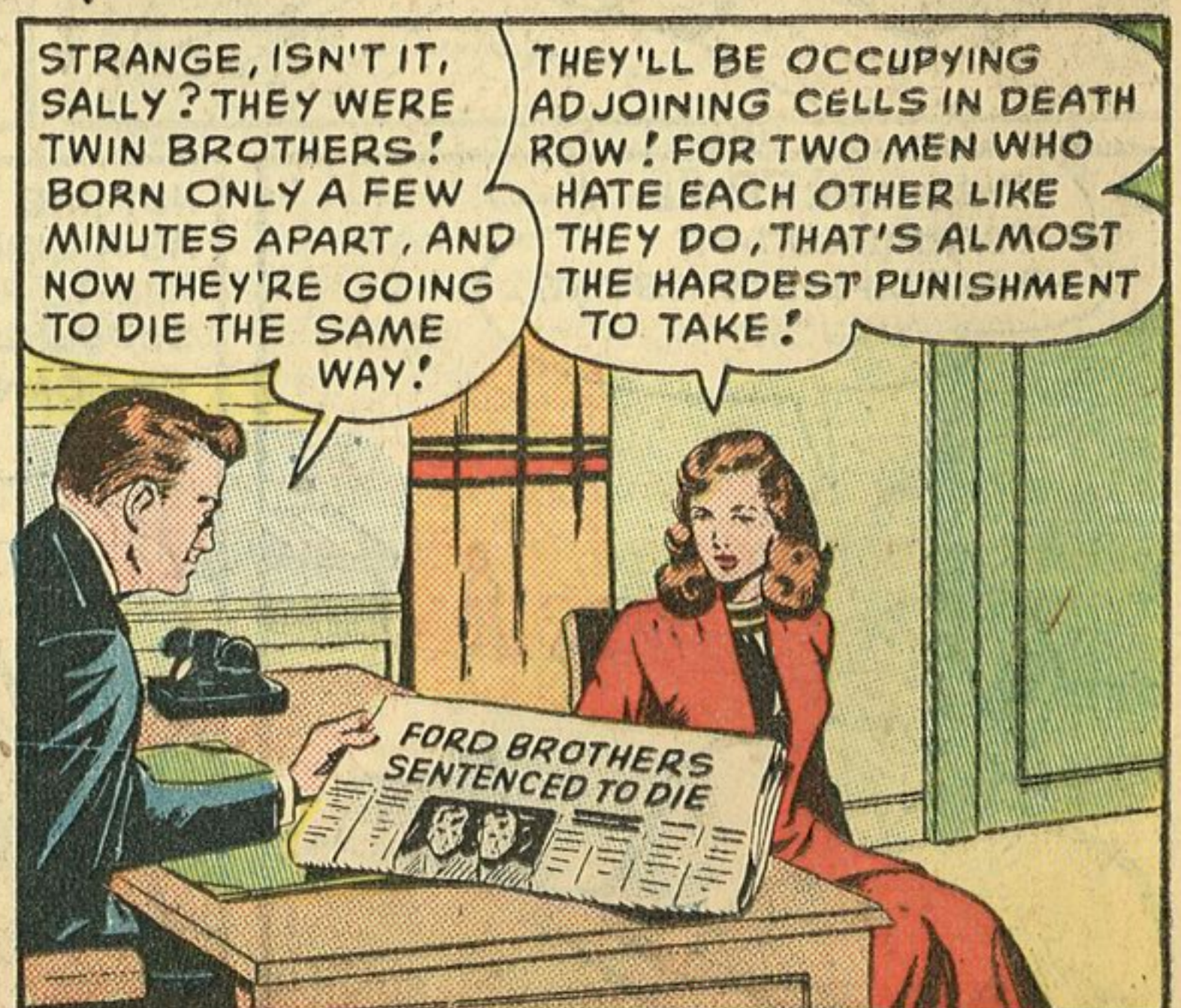
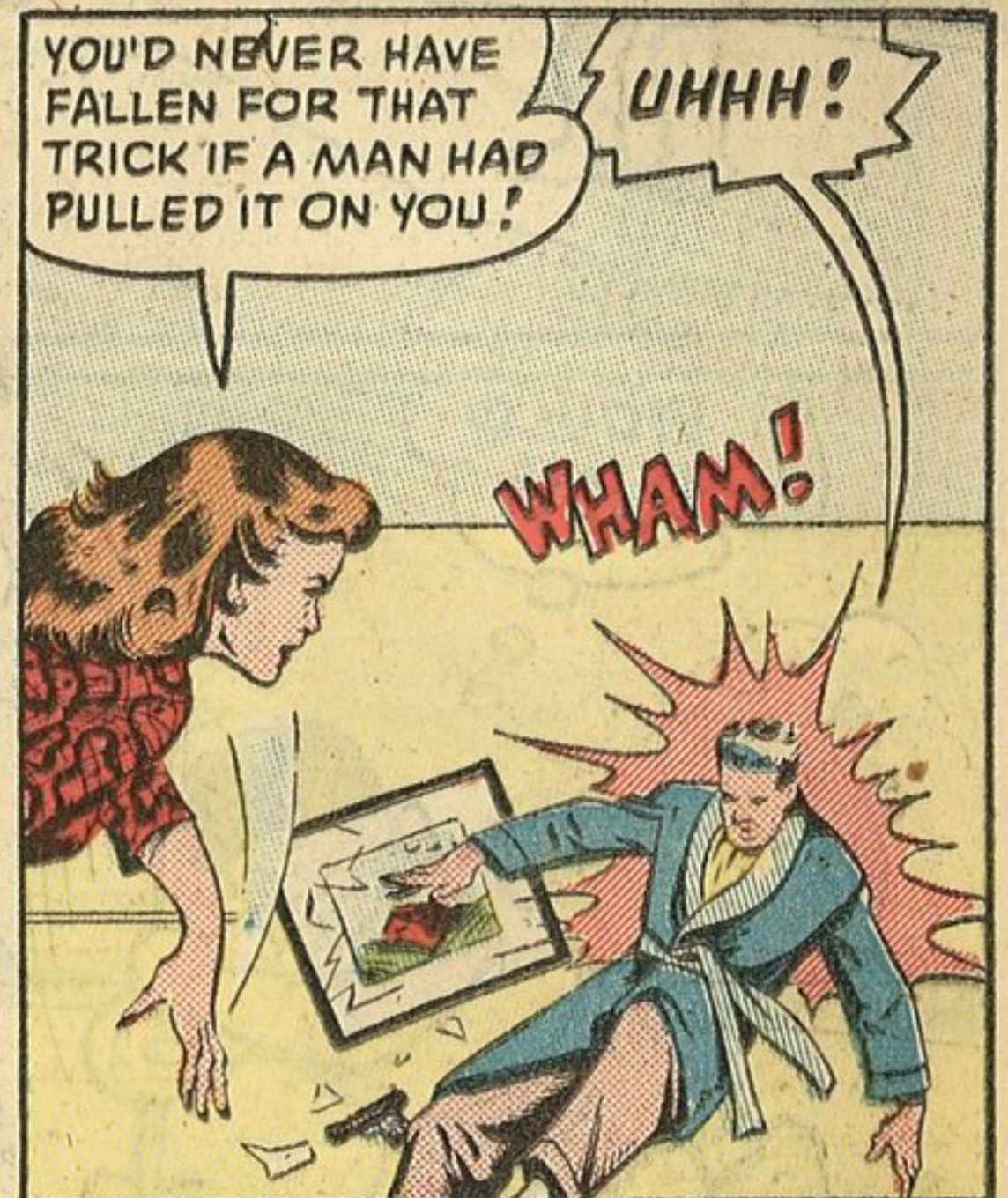
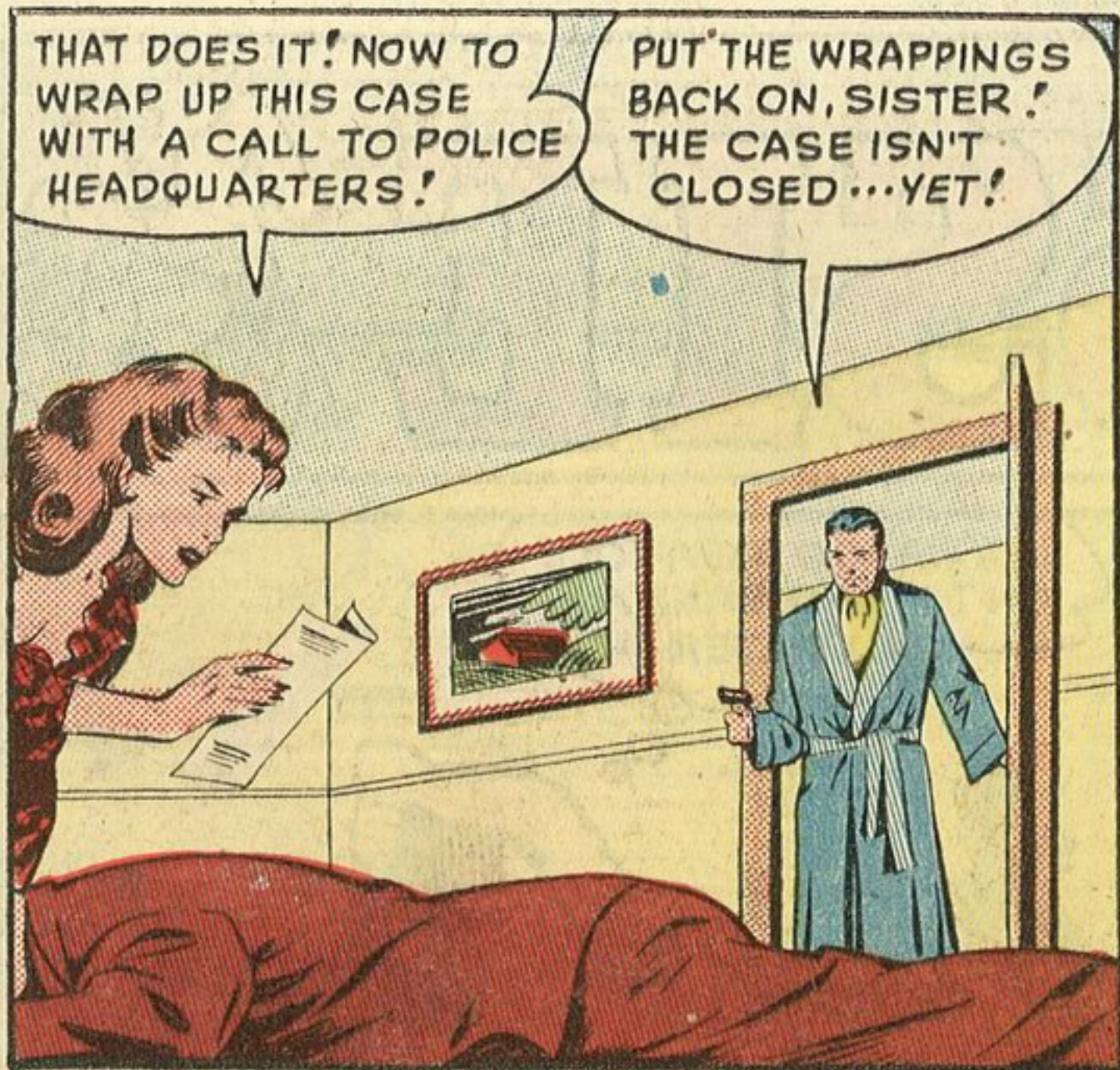
WHO HASN'T? CRIMEDOM'S NUMBER-ONE BOY THESE DAYS! HE'S ALMOST AS BIG AS HE THINKS HE IS!





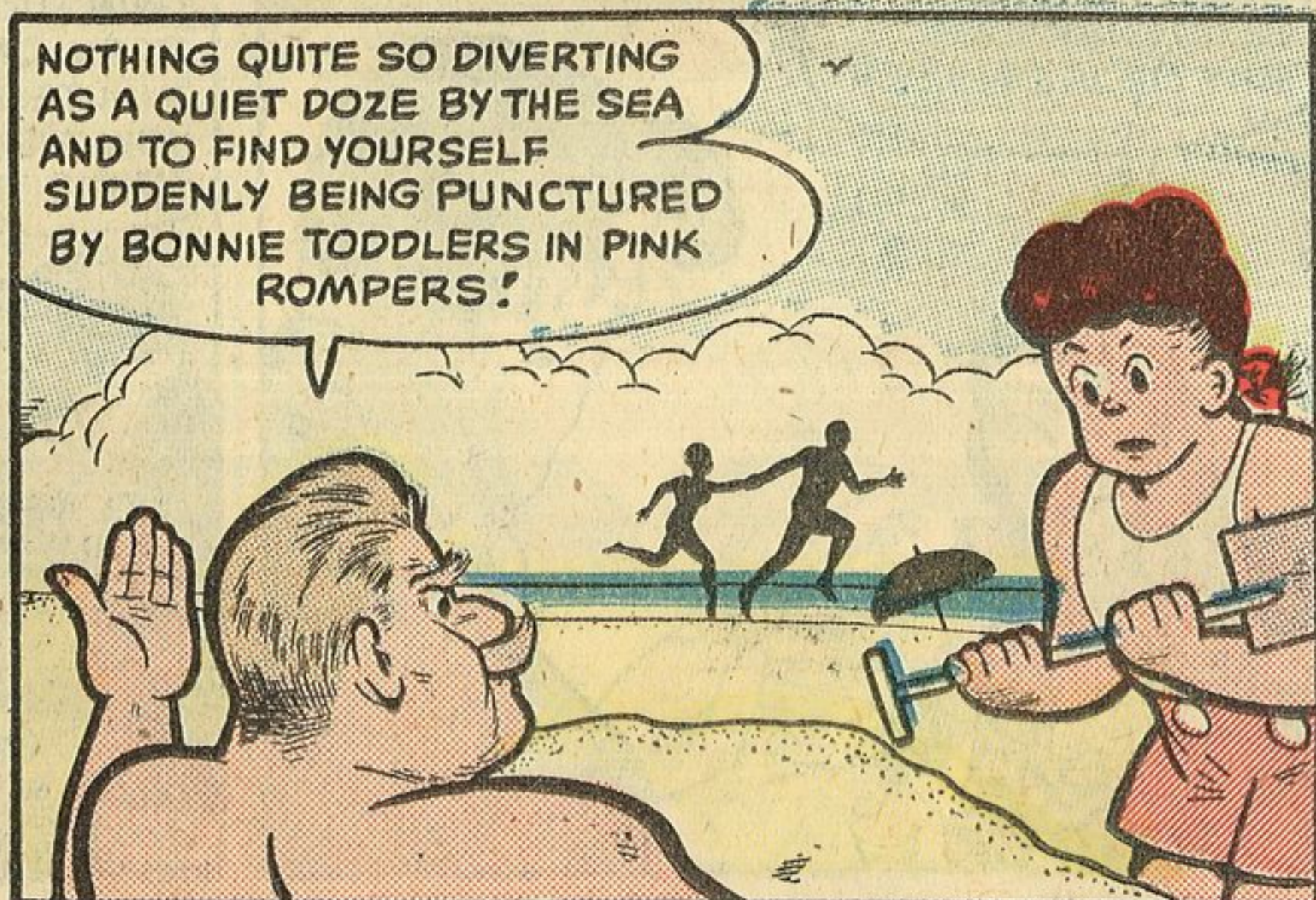
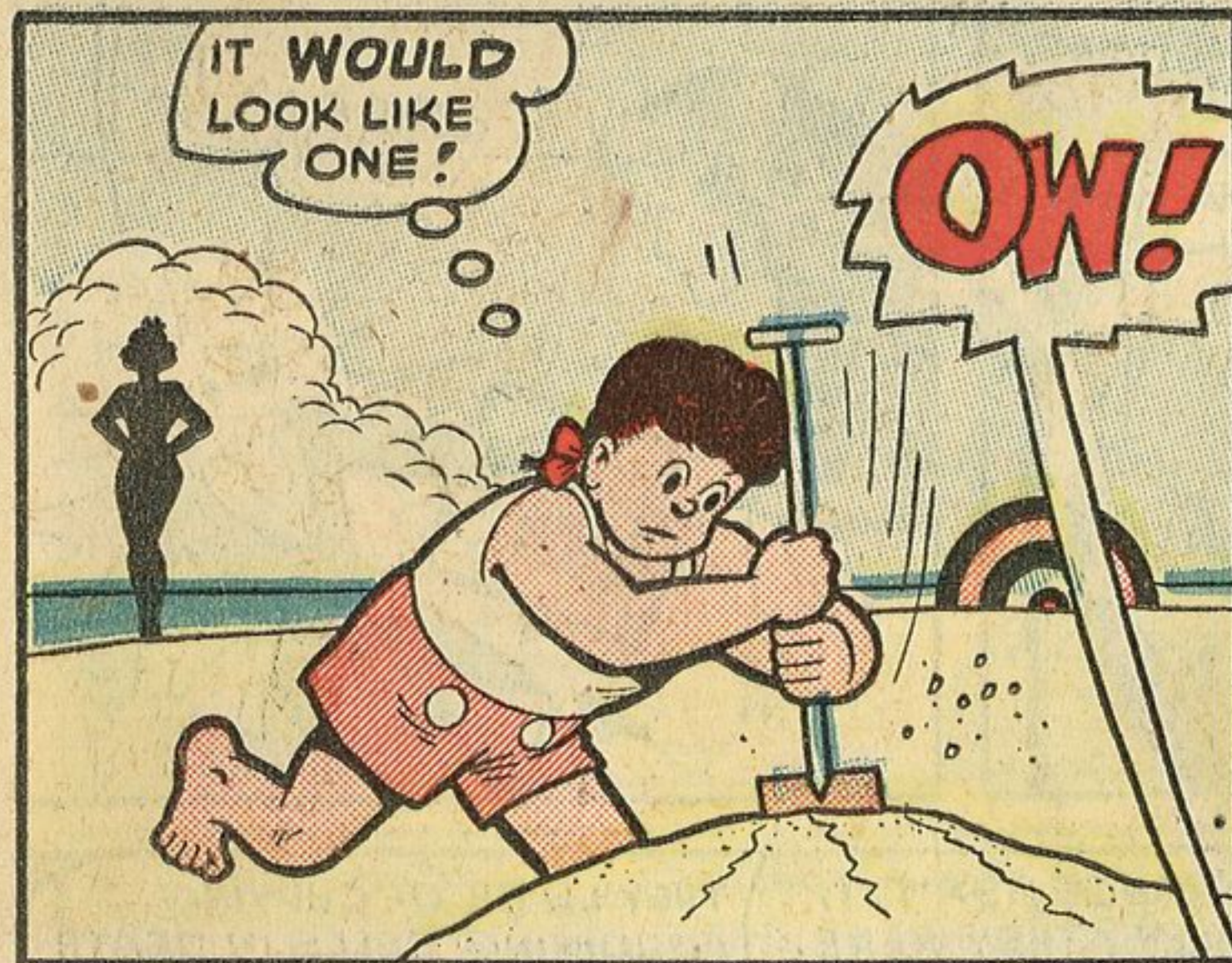
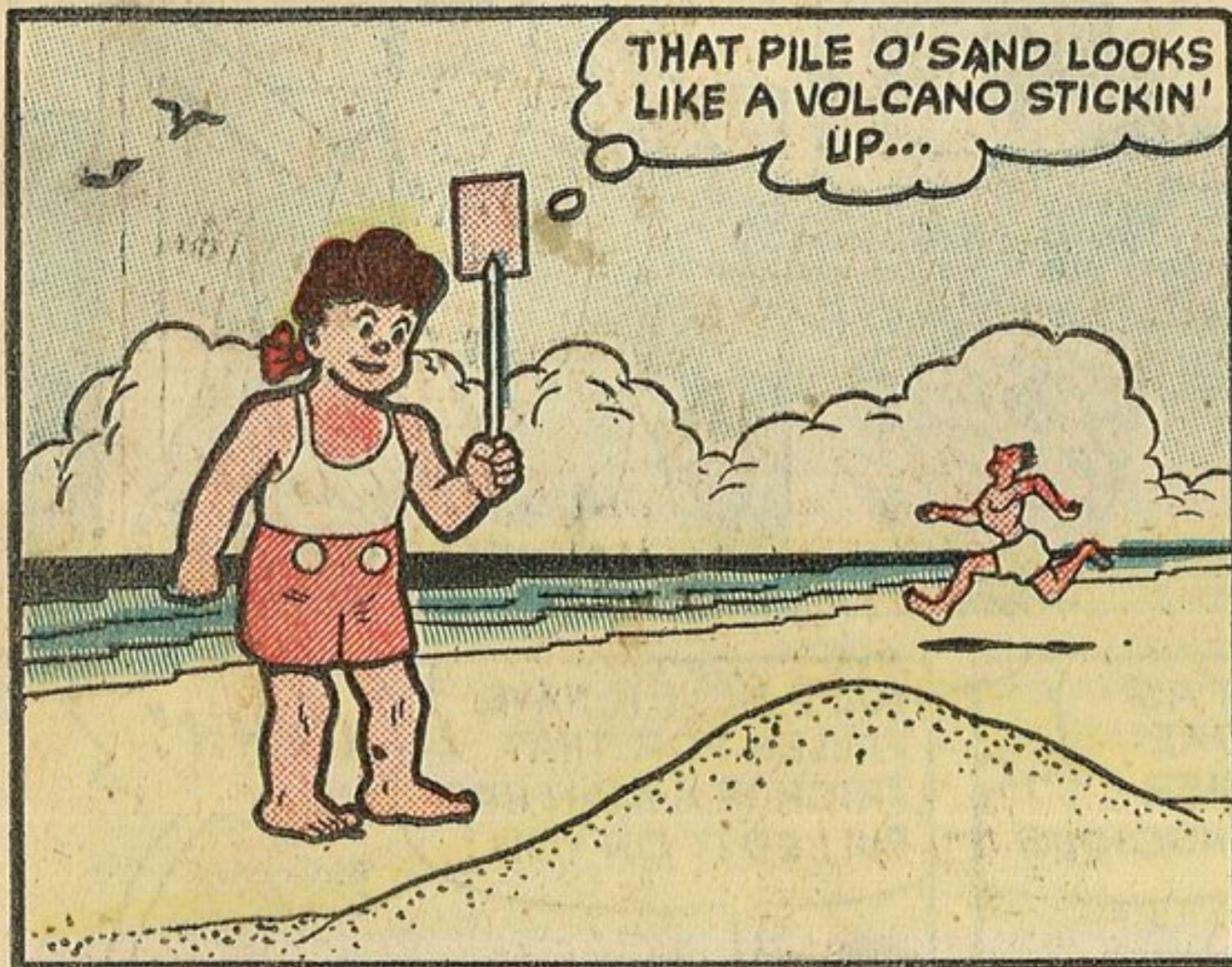


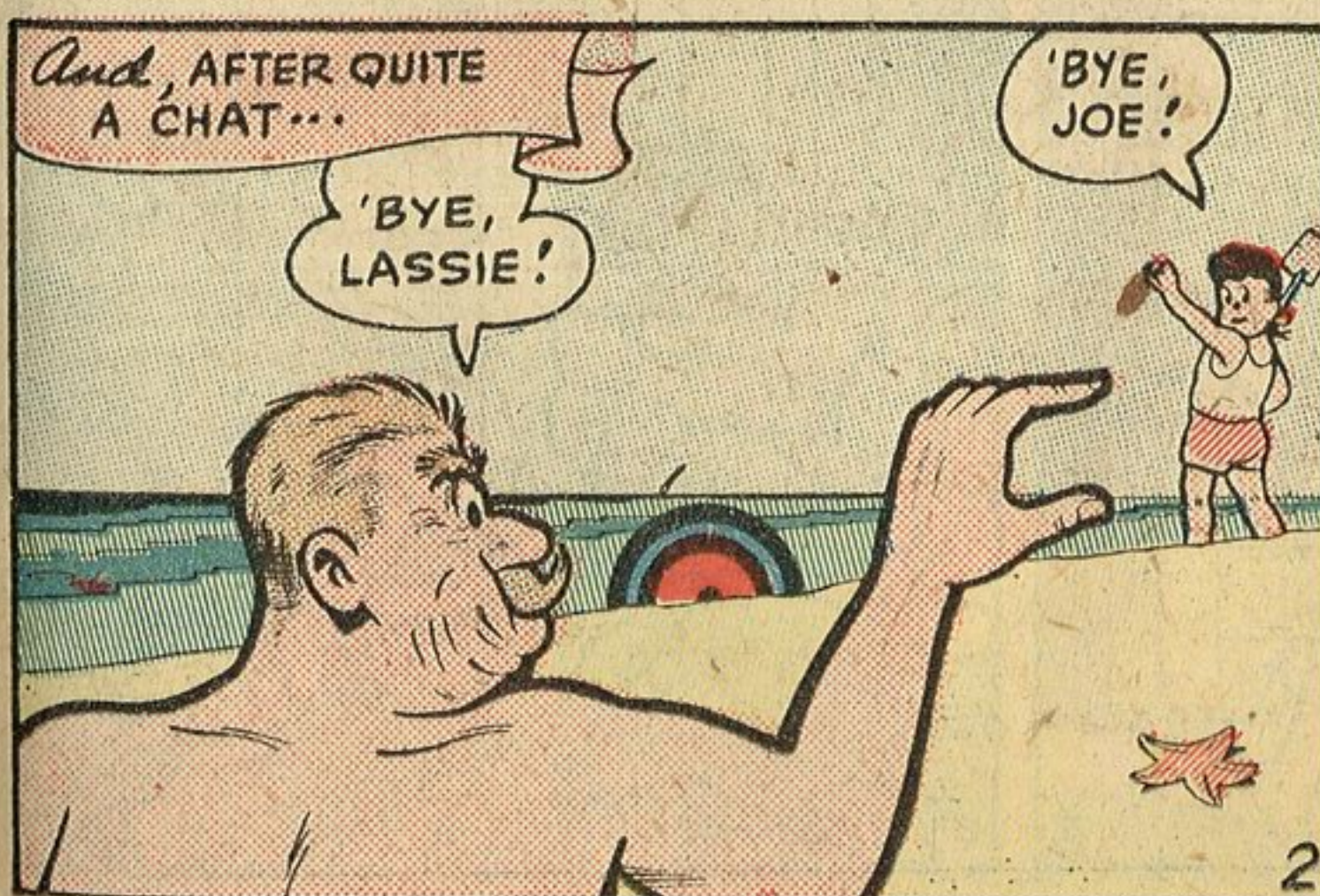
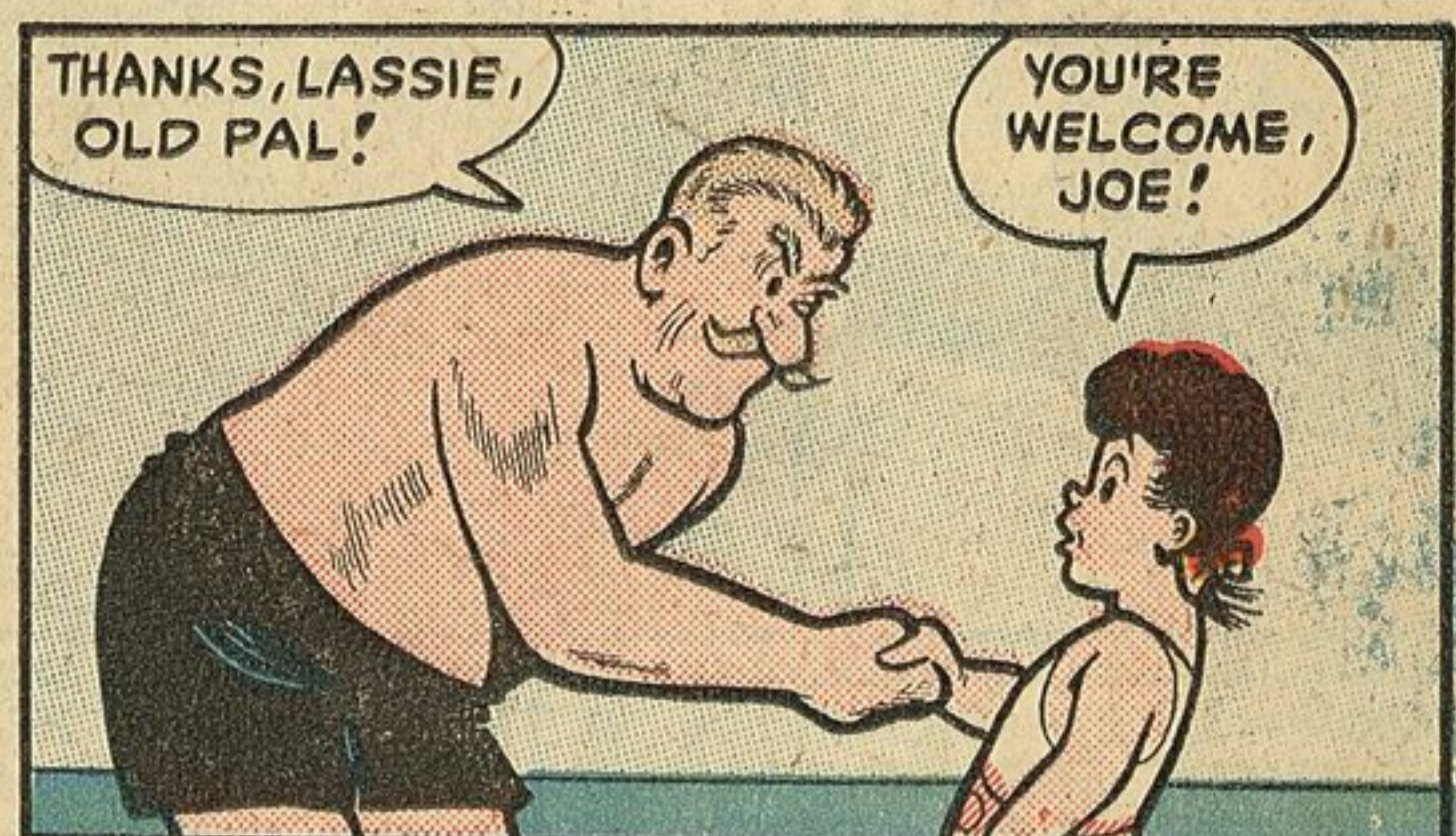
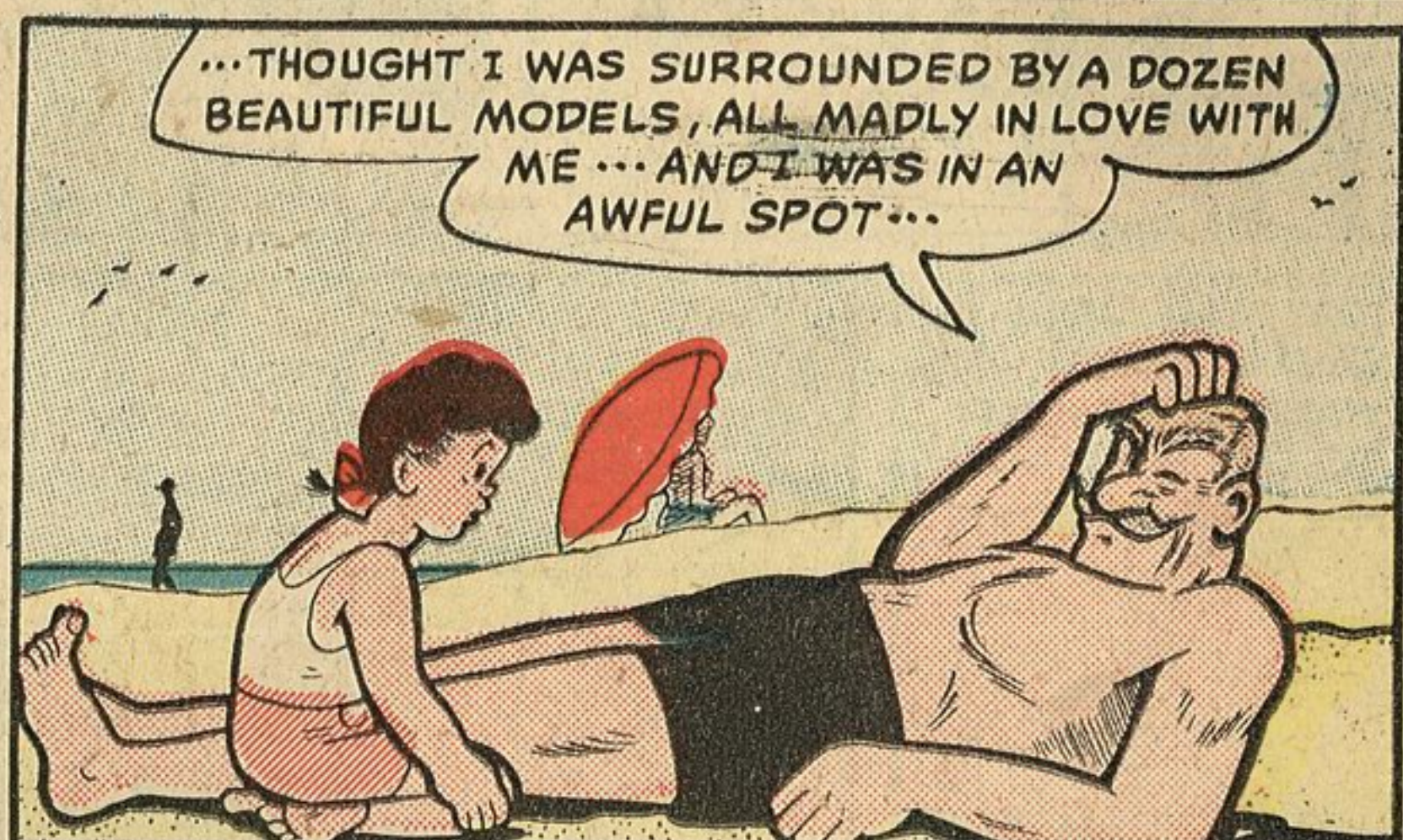
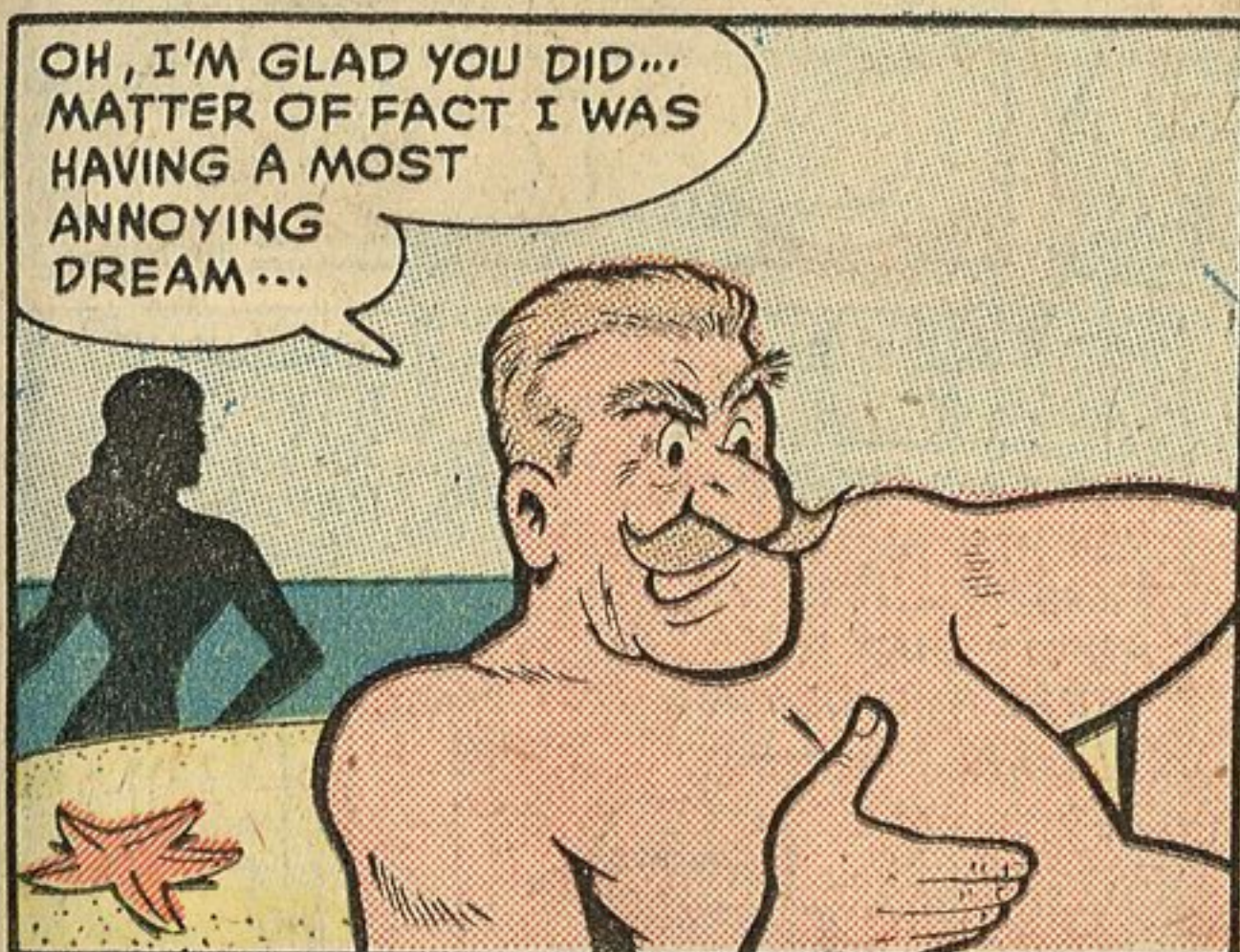
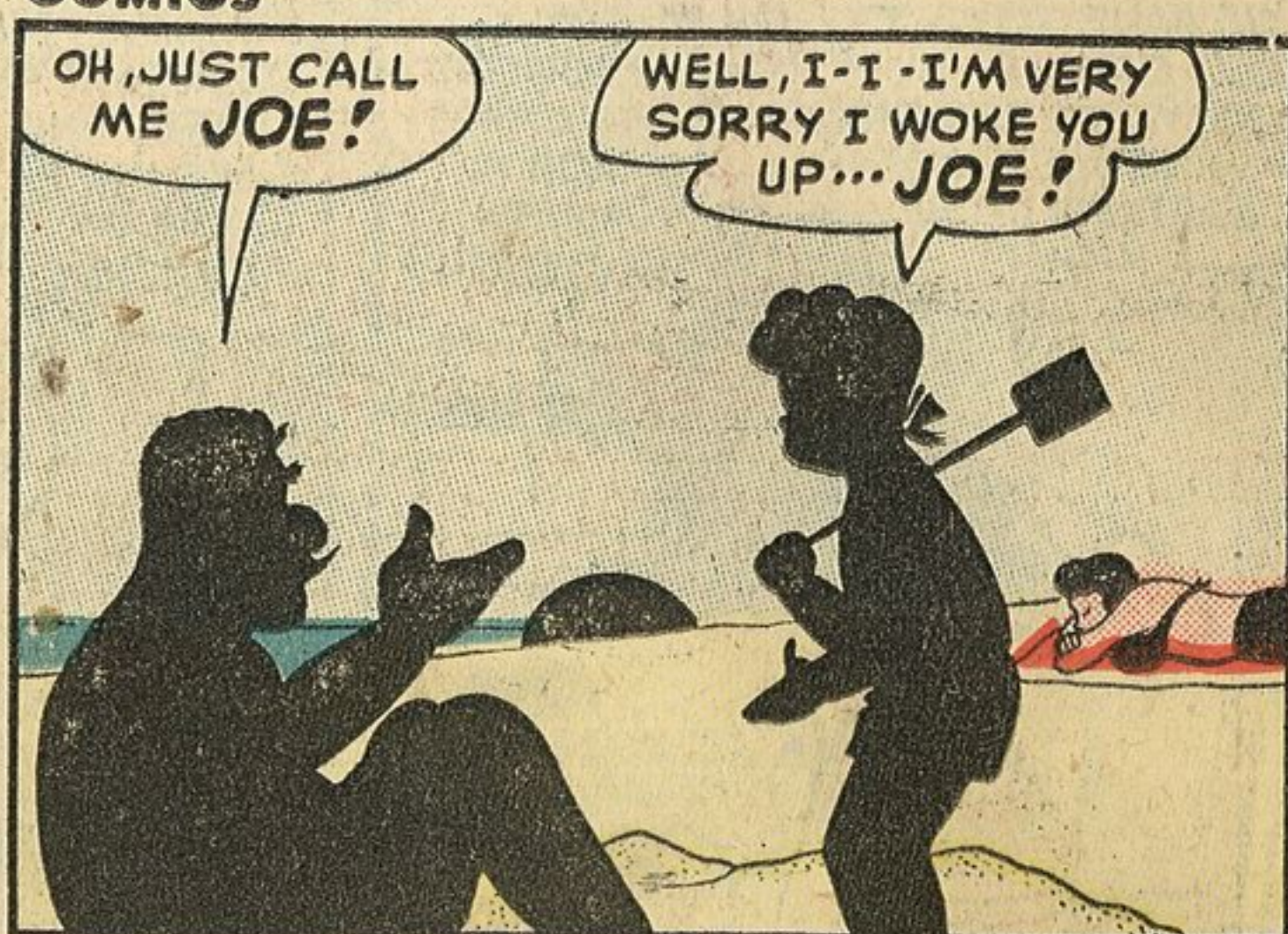
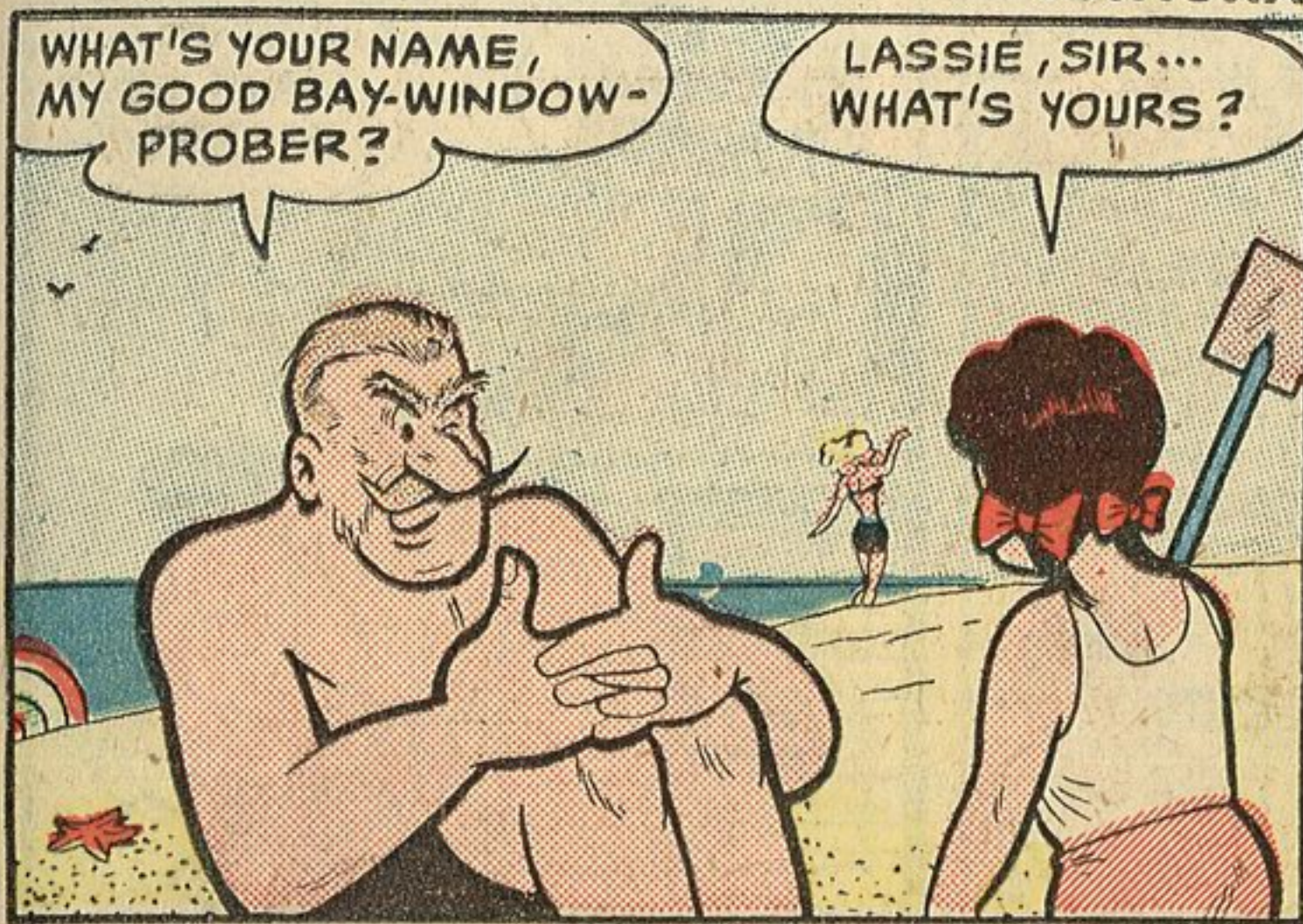


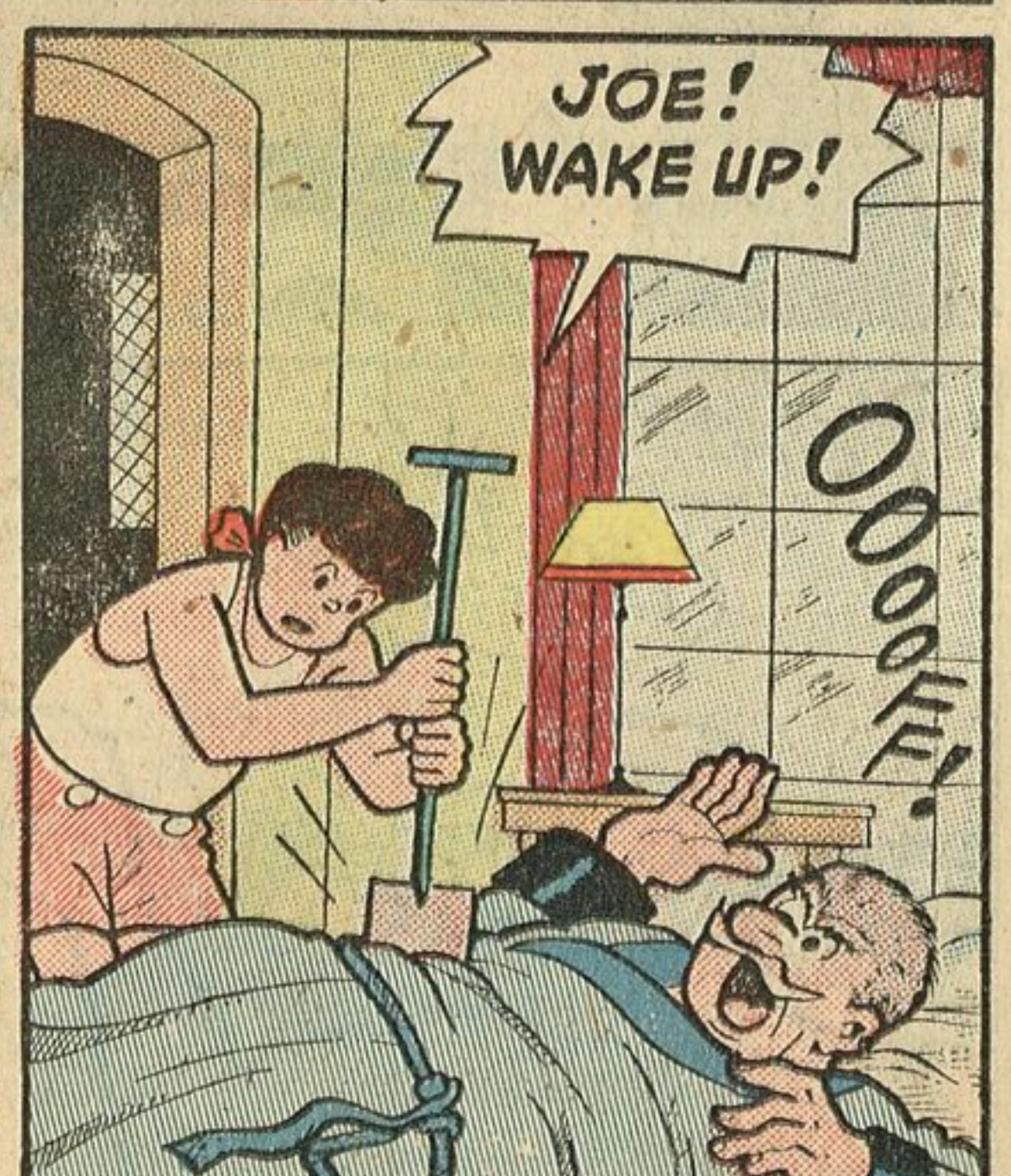
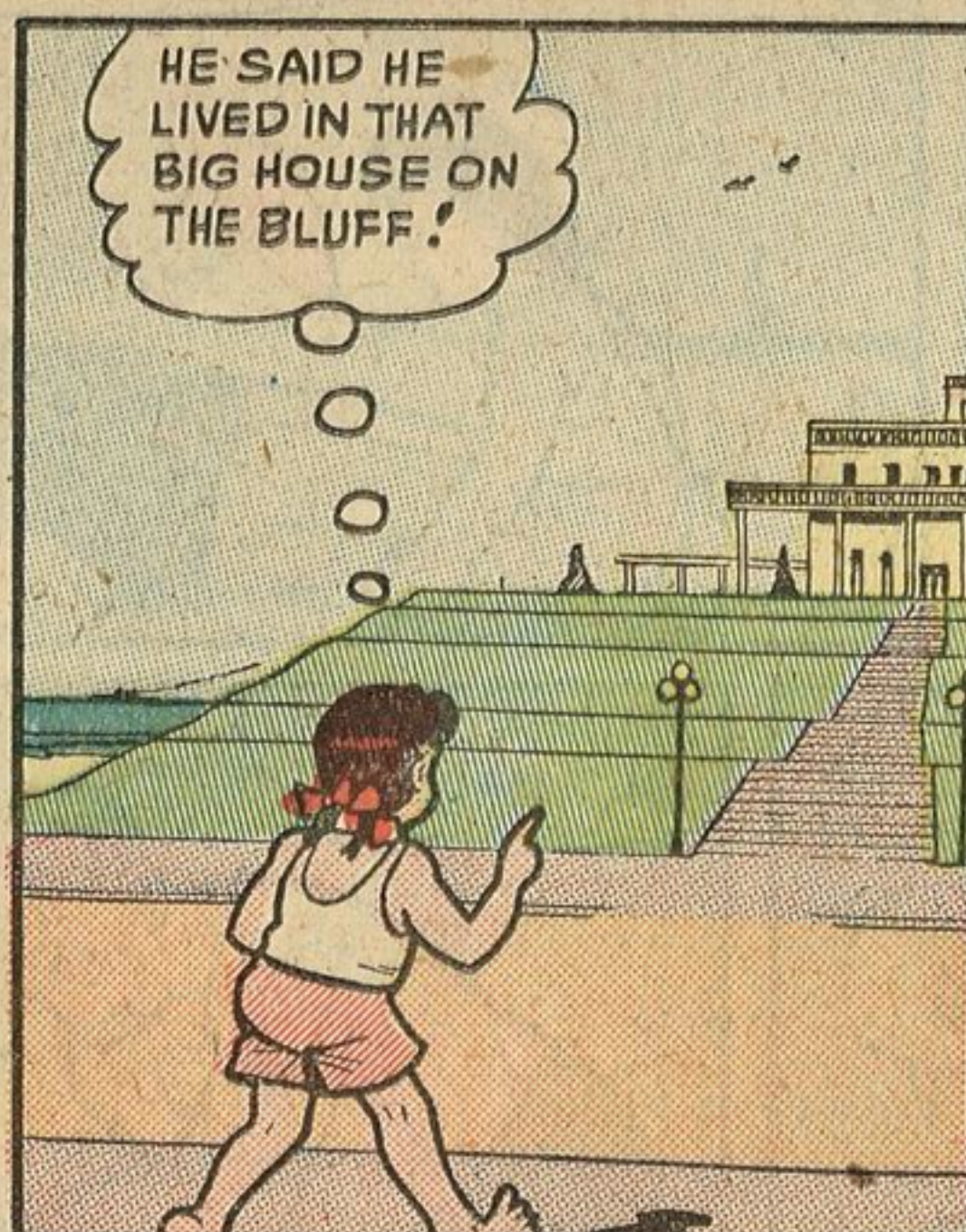


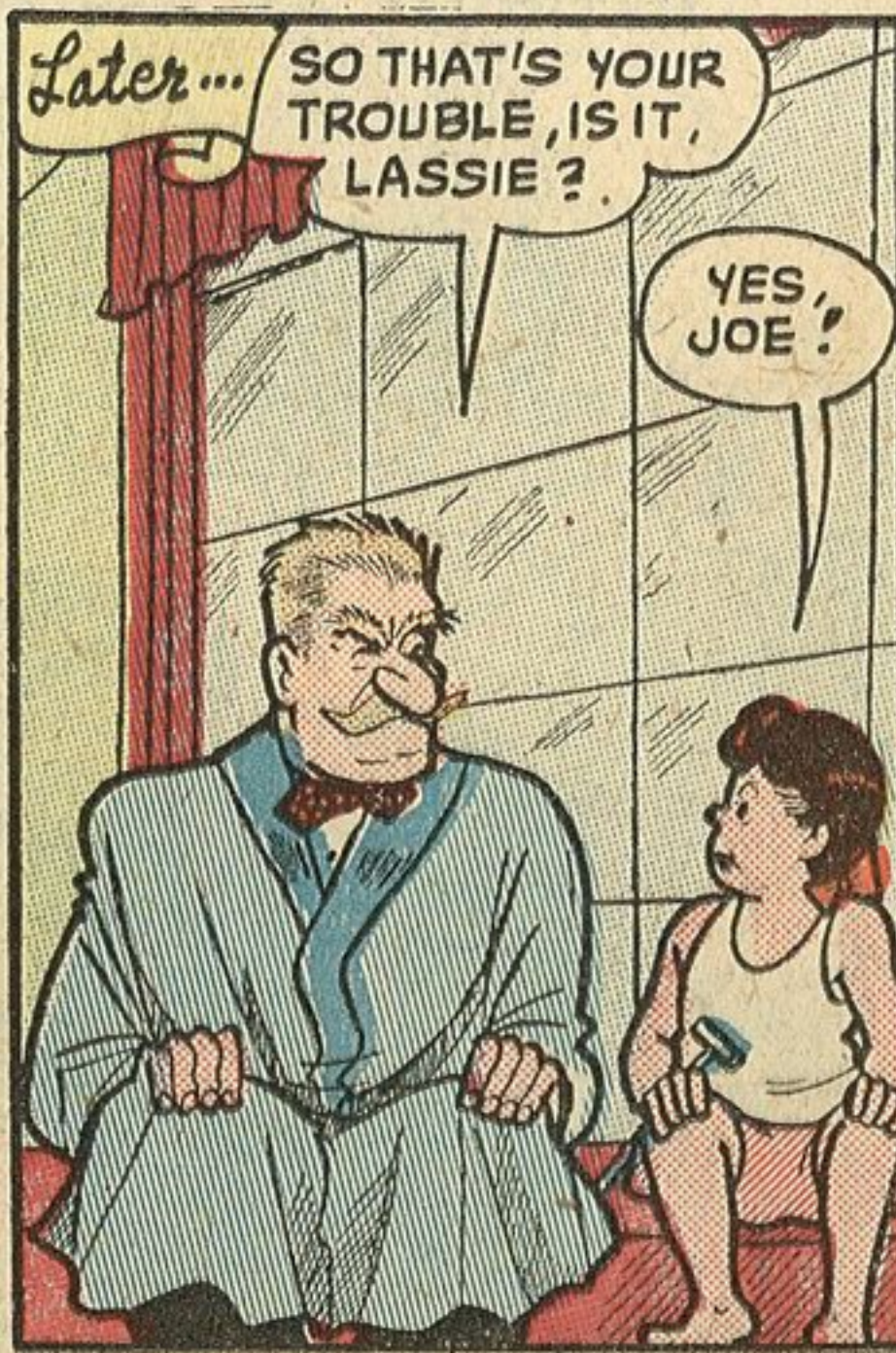
LASSIE











BUT MIGGS!
THERE'S NO
HARM IN PICKING
UP SOME EASY
MONEY, IS
THERE?

H
O
N
E
Y
B
U
N



I CAN'T SEE WHY
YOU HAD TO BUY
ANOTHER NEW
DRESS, MIGGS!
WHAT DO YOU DO
WITH ALL YOUR
CLOTHES...
BURN THEM?

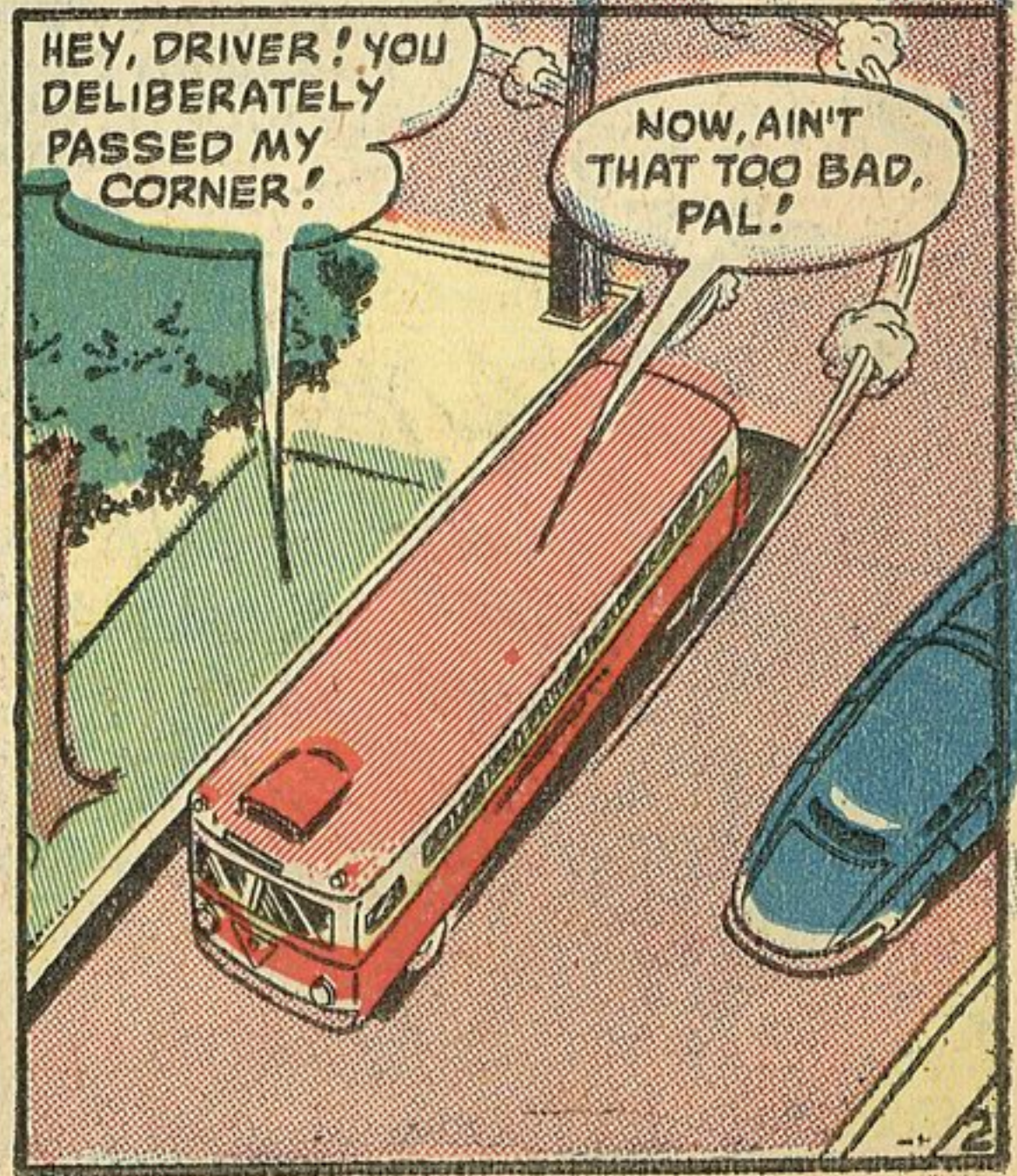
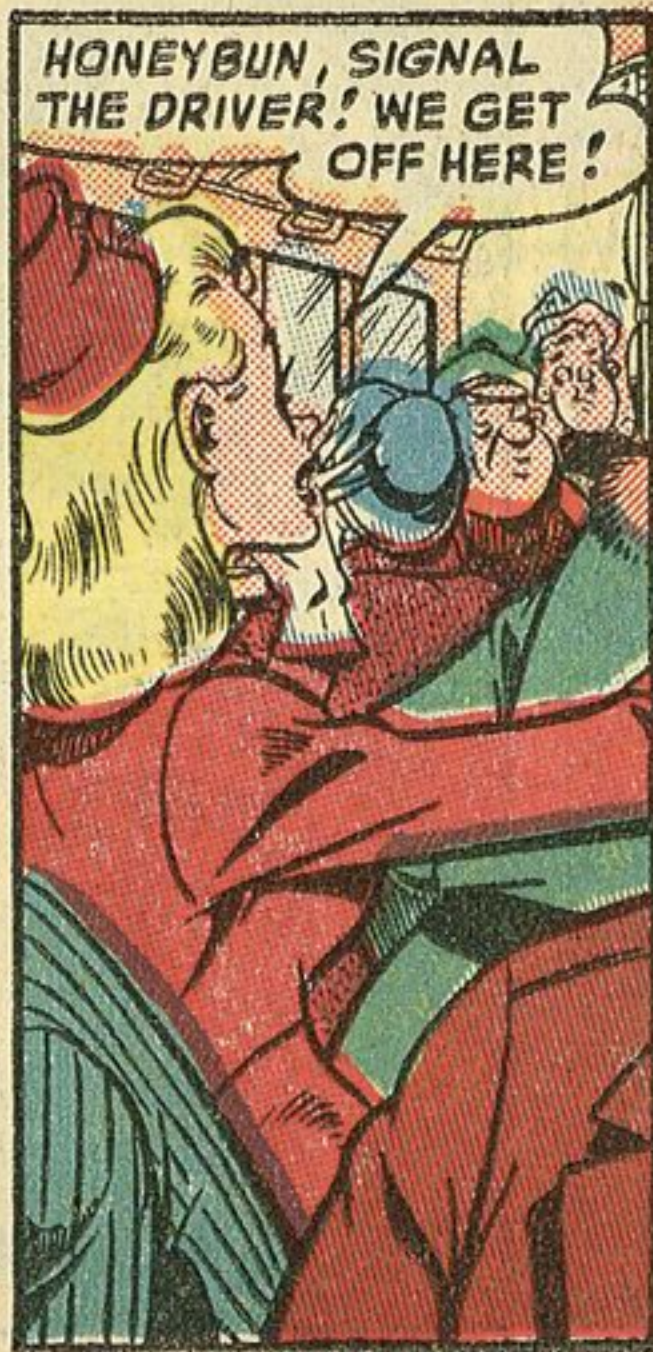
NOW, HONEYBUN...YOU
WOULDN'T WANT YOUR
WIFE TO APPEAR AT
YOUR BOSS'S BIRTH-
DAY PARTY IN JUST
ANY OLD RAG, WOULD
YOU?

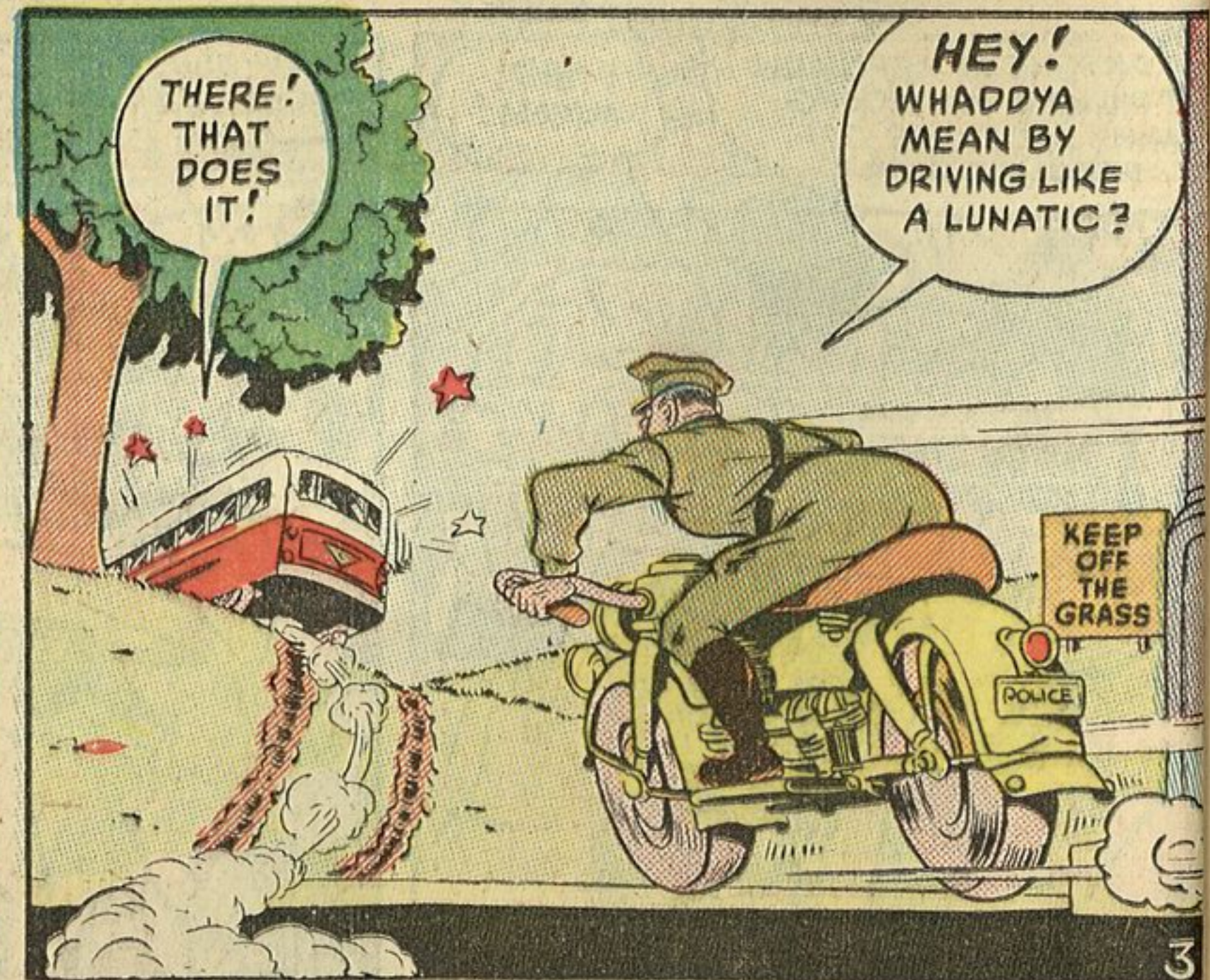


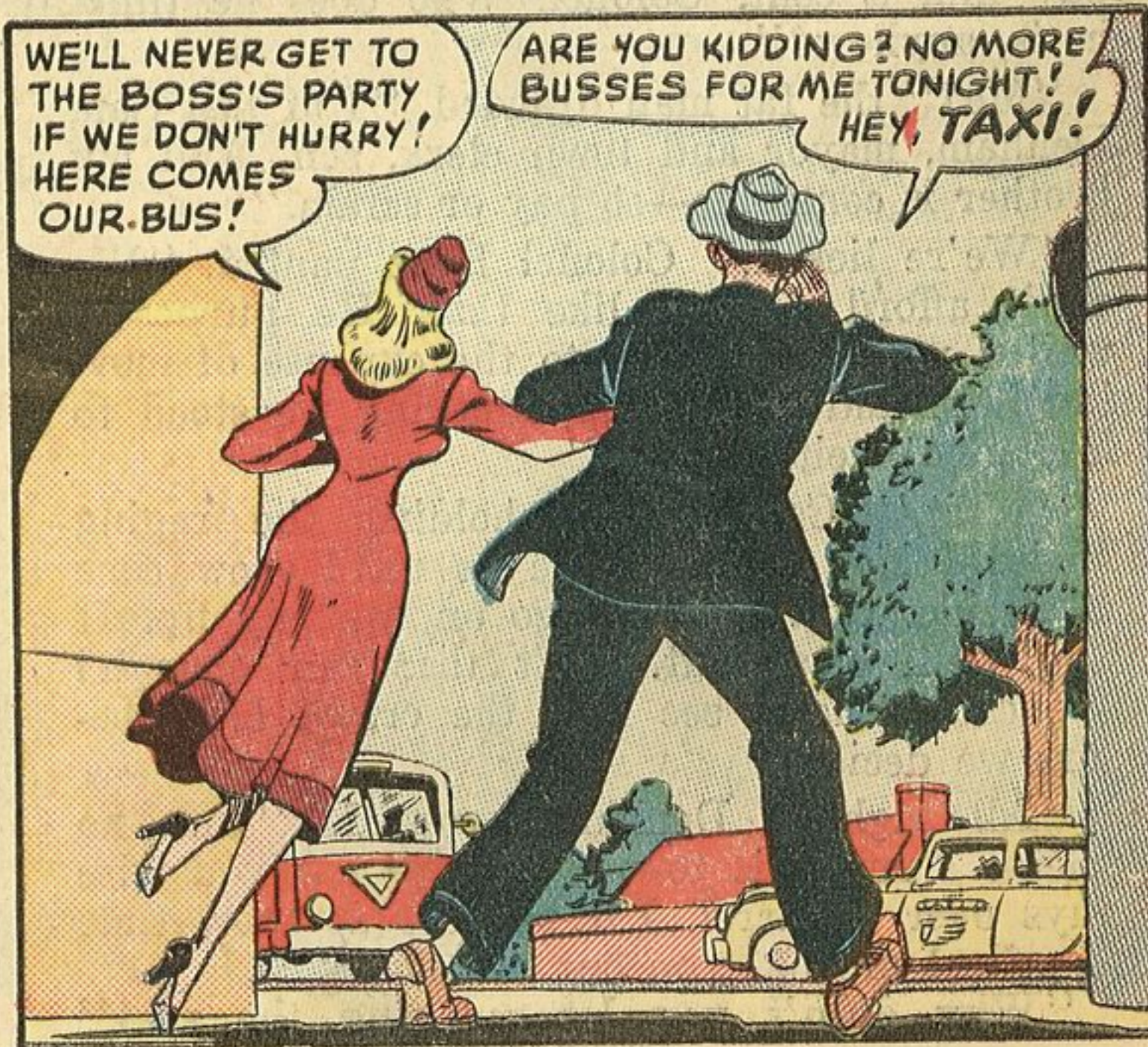
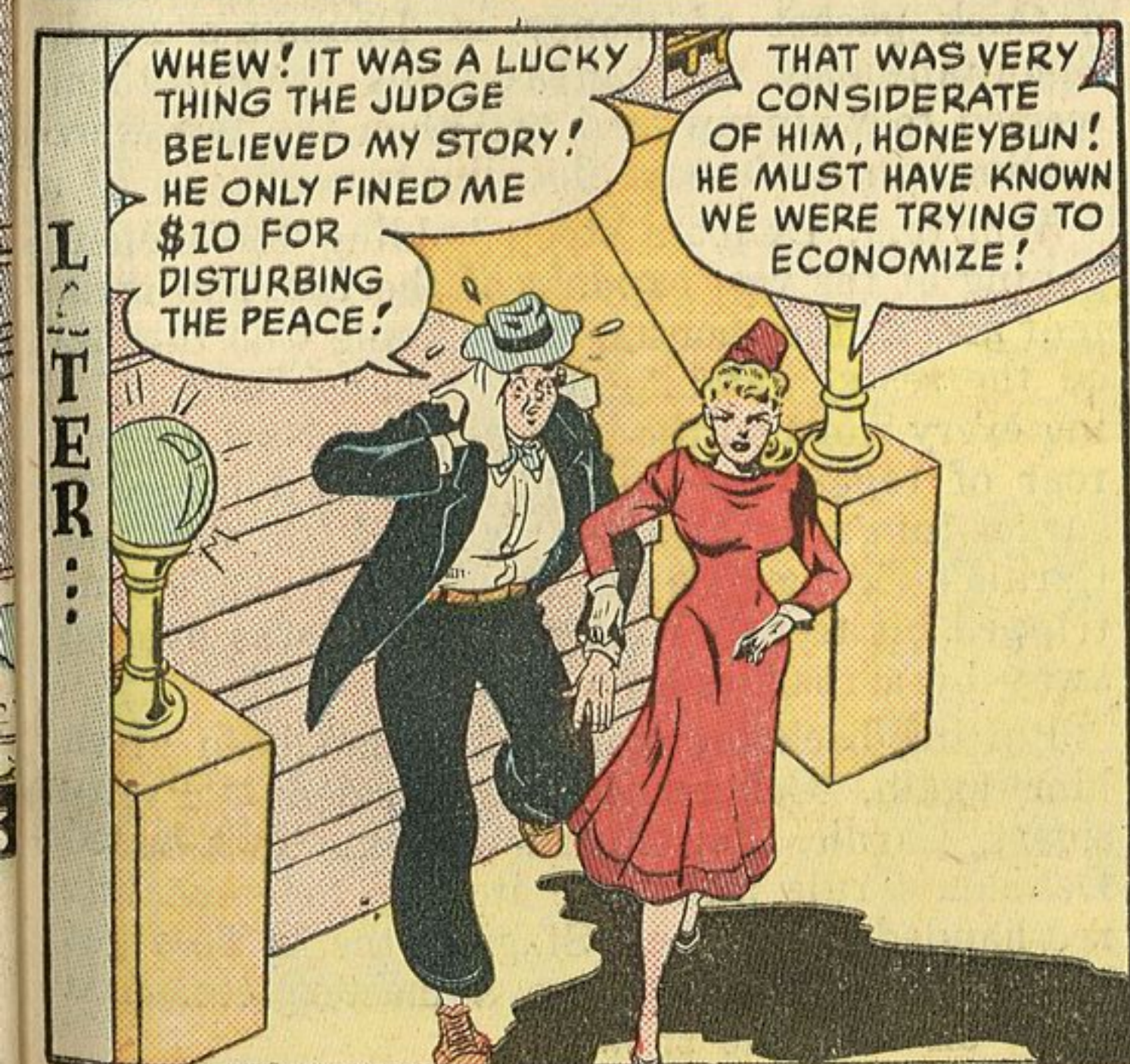
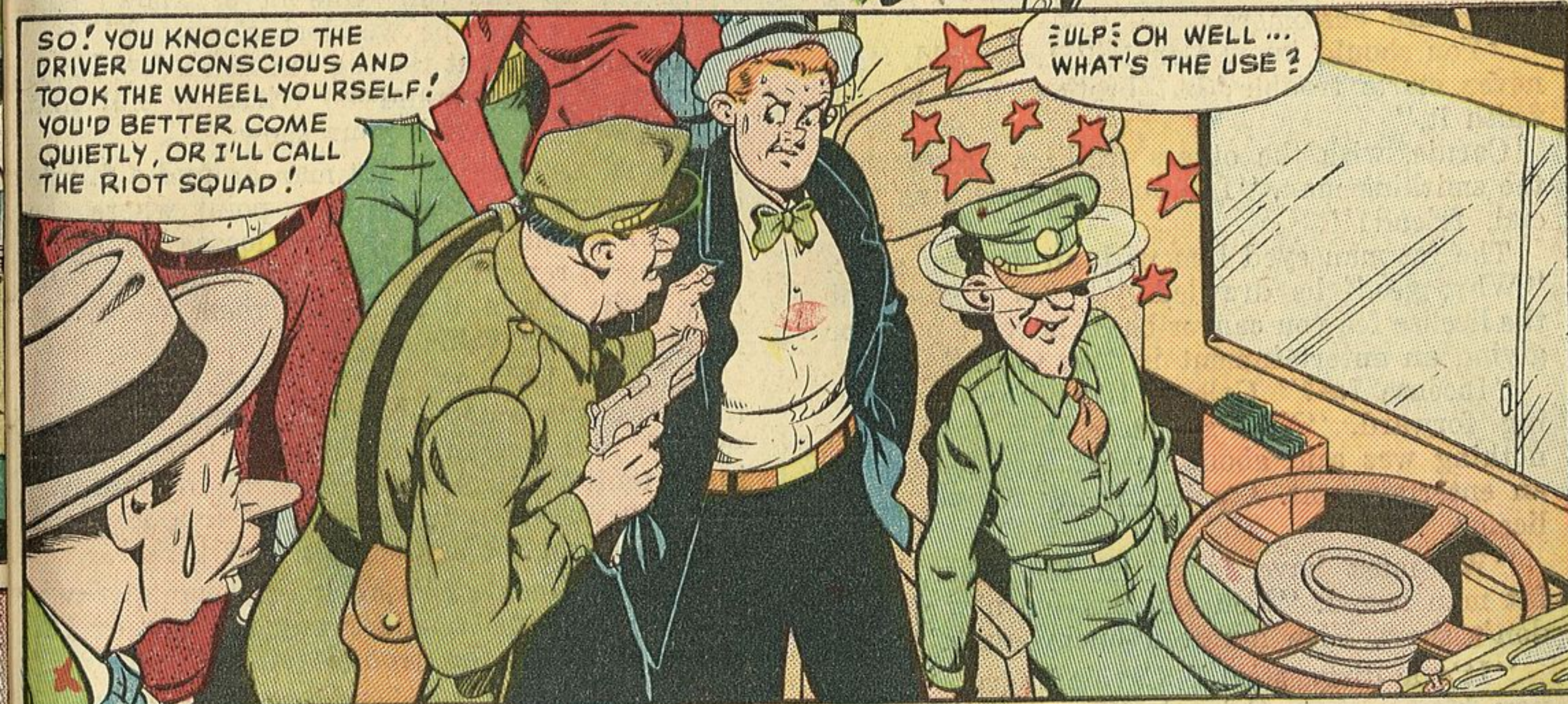
YOU MUST THINK I'M
MADE OF MONEY!
WE'VE GOT TO
ECONOMIZE!

TAXI,
MISTER?









LICENSE FEE

THE roustabouts were busy in the gray dawn, setting up Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus on the big lot. Colonel Lane himself, with Carnie Calahan, the barker, watched the blossoming miracle with pride. Suddenly Lena, the fat girl, Major Midge, the midget, and Tiny, the giant, edged close. Major Midge nudged Carnie. "Hey, Carnie, who's the smart rube with the smirk over there?"

Carnie turned, frowning. A paunchy man stood back, watching, a grin of secret amusement on his fat face. Something about the figure aroused Carnie's anger. "We'll soon see, boys."

"Now, Carnie," Colonel Lane said. "Don't antagonize customers."

"You should know Carnie," Lena said. "He never starts trouble; but brother, how he can finish it."

Carnie, with the others trailing, approached the smirking man. "Looking for something special, friend?"

The fat man eyed him with an insolent stare. "Why, yes," he drawled. "I was looking for the license fee you canvas-backs haven't paid for giving an entertainment in this town."

"License fee?" Colonel Lane bleated, pushing forward. "Now see here, my good man, nothing was said about license fees for giving an entertainment. I paid for my regular show license. . . ."

"We must have forgotten the other," the fat man leered. "You can pay me now or you don't show. Five hundred bucks—cash."

"It's a dirty steal," Carnie raged. "Don't pay him a cent, Colonel. Who does he think he is, anyhow?"

"Me?" the fat man drawled. "I'm just Sam Denham, mayor and town clerk, son. And my brother is constable—sb pay or scam."

"We're licked," Colonel Lane panted. "We can't afford a grab like that. He purposely waited until we'd gone to the expense of moving here and setting up, knowing we stood to lose plenty either way."

"Wait," Carnie said, holding the raging Major Midge back. "Give us until show time to decide, friend. If we go on, we pay up. If not, we'll clear out. Isn't that fair enough? We can at least see how the crowd looks before we decide."

"All right," Denham grunted. "But no tricks. I run this town and I've got you wise guys over a barrel. I'll be here at show time to collect or boot you out of town."

"Why didn't you let me slug the rat?"

Major Midge panted as the fat Denham strolled off, chuckling.

"I've got a better idea," Carnie growled. "Wait for me. I want to visit town for an hour or two. I'll be back."

Promptly at showtime the fat Denham came pushing through the gathering crowd. Carnie saw him coming, whispered a last instruction to Colonel Lane and vanished toward the Big Top. Colonel Lane waited for Denham. "We've decided to pay your blackmail, suh. Follow me and I'll get my reserve cash fund. You'll appreciate that I have to hide my spare cash when we're set up like this. One never knows how many crooks may be wandering around."

Denham glared at the dig but nodded. "Okay, whiskers. Lead on, and no tricks or I'll find a legal way to snatch your show."

Colonel Lane led the fat man around a tangle of tent guys and stakes to a point where the sidewall of the Big Top was loose. He lifted the canvas, revealing a dark tunnel beyond. "In here, suh. It's a little secret room we circus people use for valuables."

In inky darkness, the Colonel halted and there was the sound of rustling bills. His voice seemed to boom in the hollow silence of the inner tent. "Let me get this straight, suh. We pay you an extra license fee of five hundred dollars. Right? What is that for?"

Denham chuckled. "Call it the hospital fund, chum. The point is, either pay me now or I'll attach the show for ground rent."

"Here you are," Colonel Lane said and laid a thick packet of money in Denham's hand. Simultaneously the canvas walls around them seemed to whip upward and then the two were outlined in a blaze of floodlights.

Whirling, Denham stood holding the money, gaping at the vast expanse of the Big Top main tent and at the thousands of people who thronged the seats, watching the exchange and hearing every word on the loudspeakers. Now a great roar of rage went up and the crowd began to surge forward. Denham whirled to flee but Carnie's fist met his jaw as Major Midge's cane tripped his feet. A moment later he was hustled away by a roaring crowd.

Putting back the money that had been given him again, Colonel Lane chuckled. "Pretty smart, Carnie. You found out the town hated Denham's rule and were itching to catch him red-handed in a steal. Staging the bribe right here in the Big Top was a masterpiece. And now—on with the show."

Steve WOOD

Death embraces a yachting party and points an icy finger at Steve Wood, waterfront detective!



I'LL FEEL BETTER IF YOU'RE HERE, STEVE! BRING YOUR BEAUTIFUL SECRETARY AND COME AS IF YOU WERE GUESTS!

RIGHTO, LINDLEY! WE'LL BE AT THE DOCK IN AN HOUR!

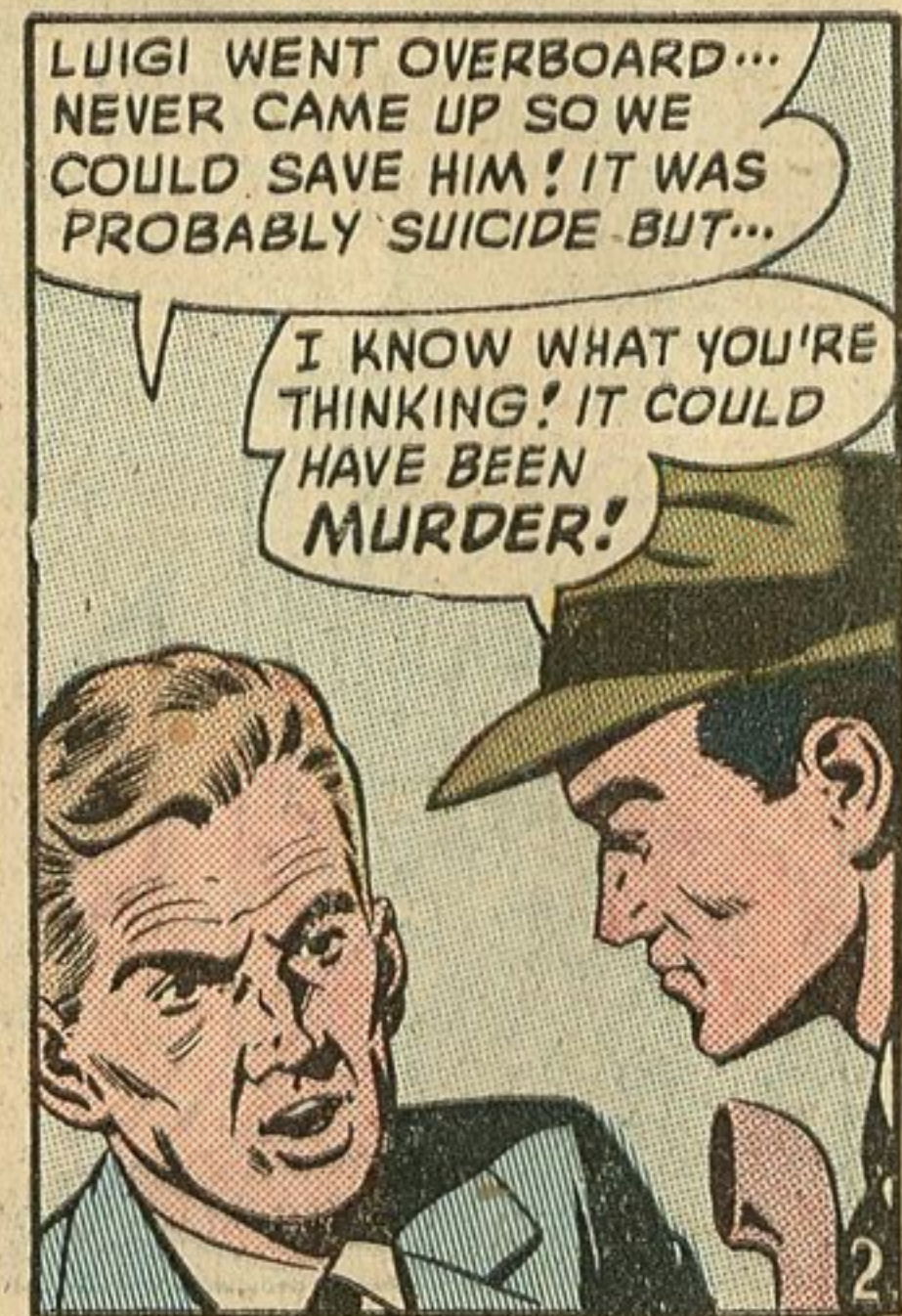
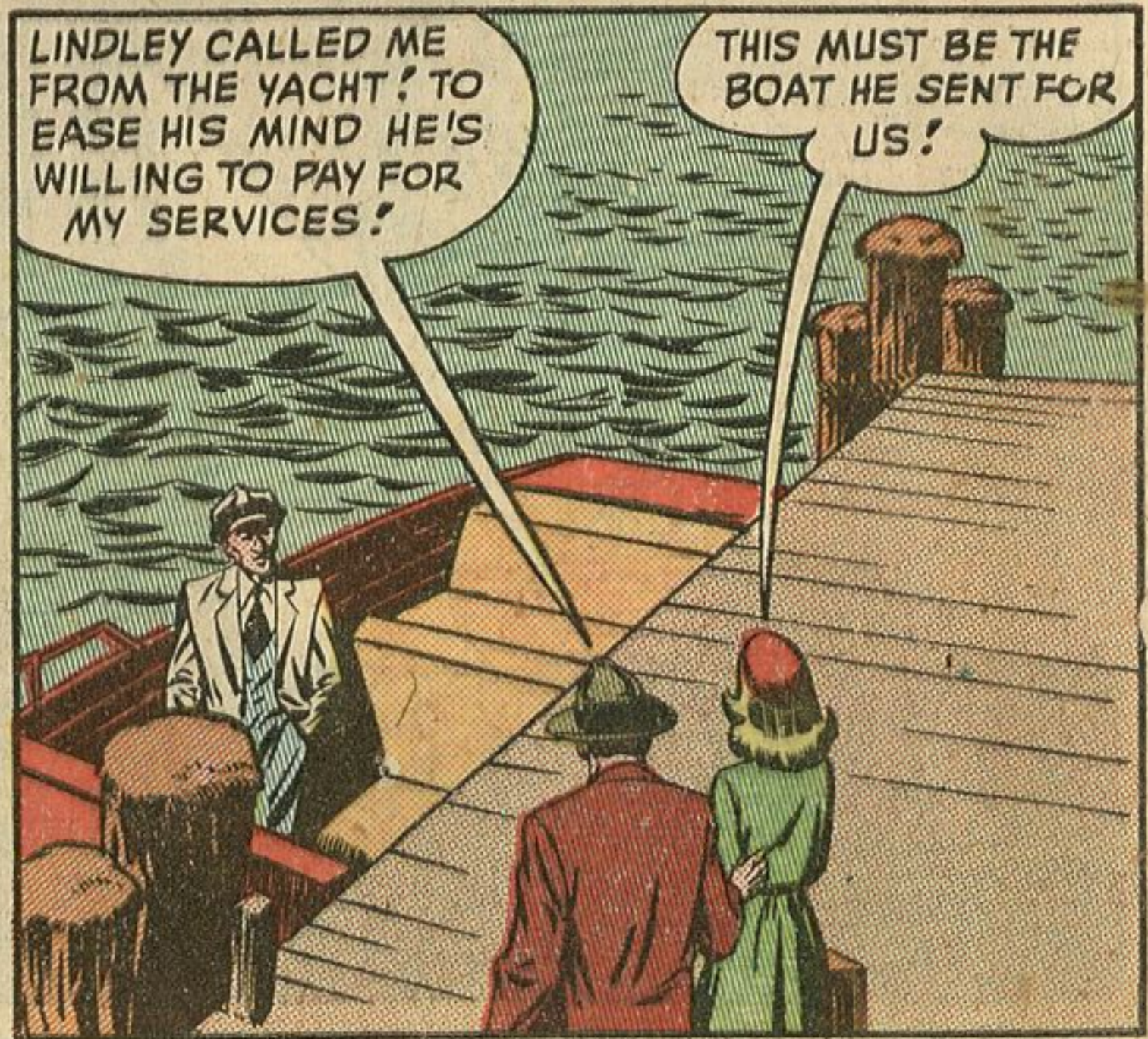
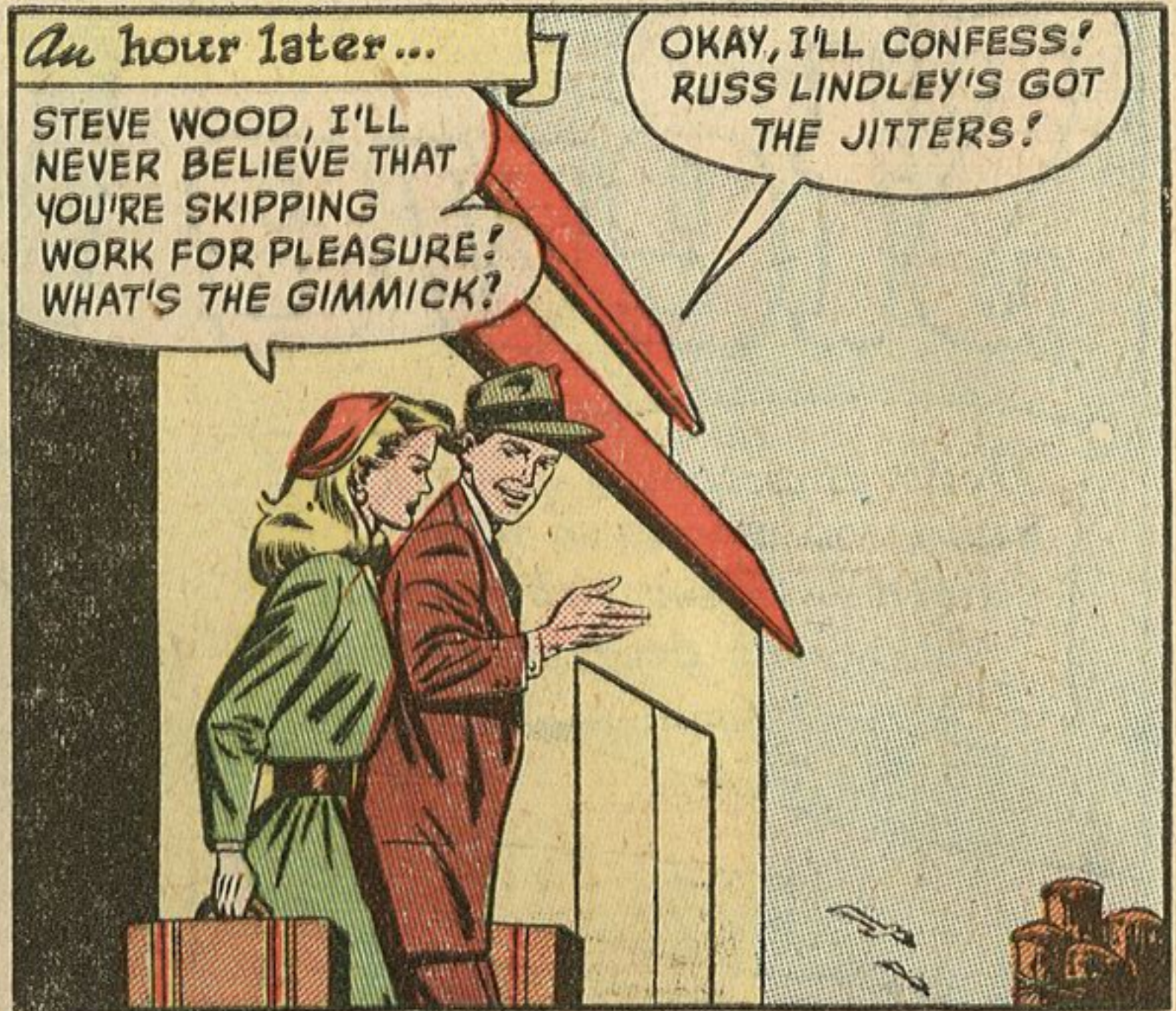
RUSH HOME AND TOSS SOME DUDS INTO A SUITCASE, SALLY! YOU AND I ARE INVITED TO RUSS LINDLEY'S YACHTING PARTY!

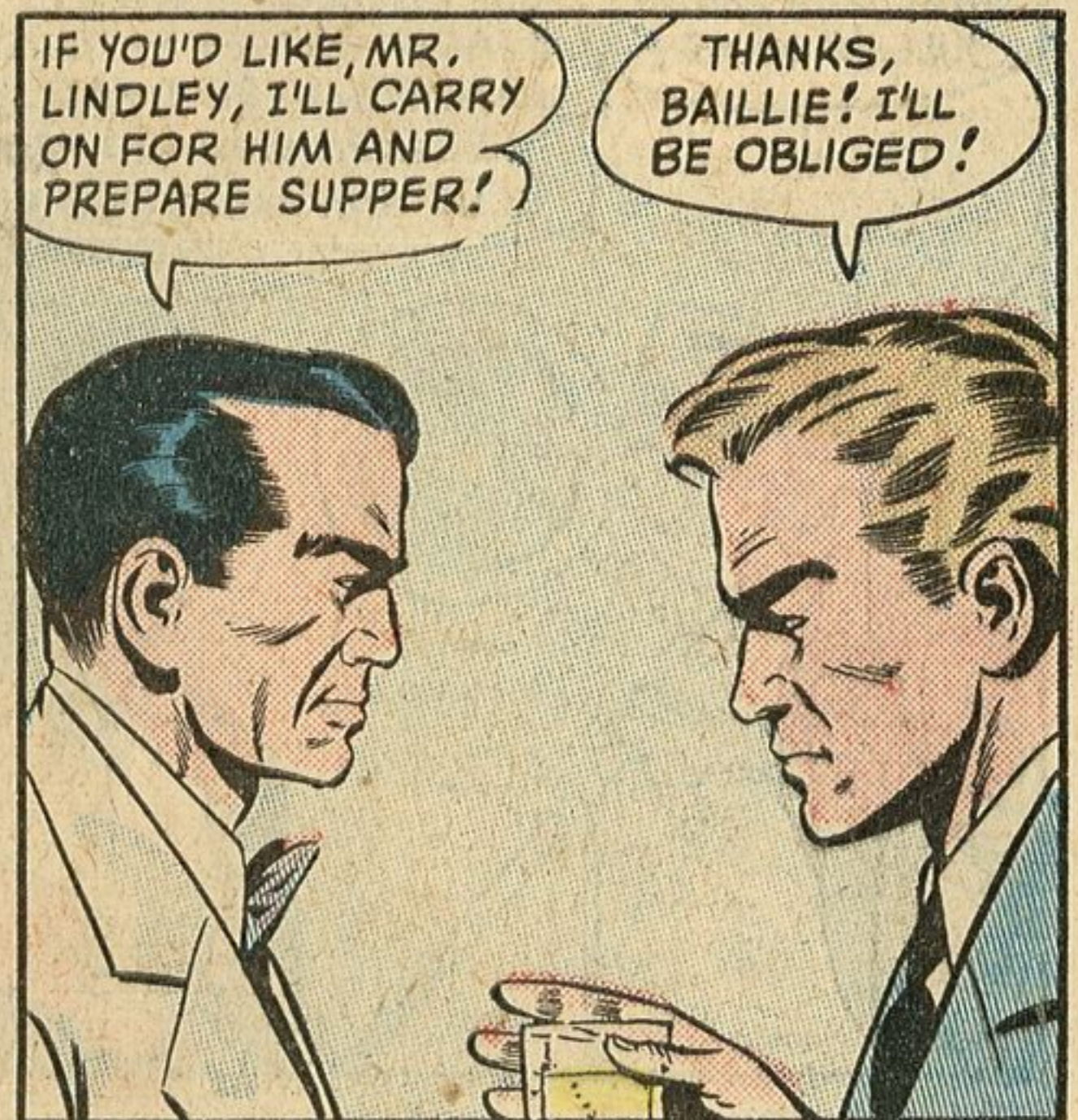
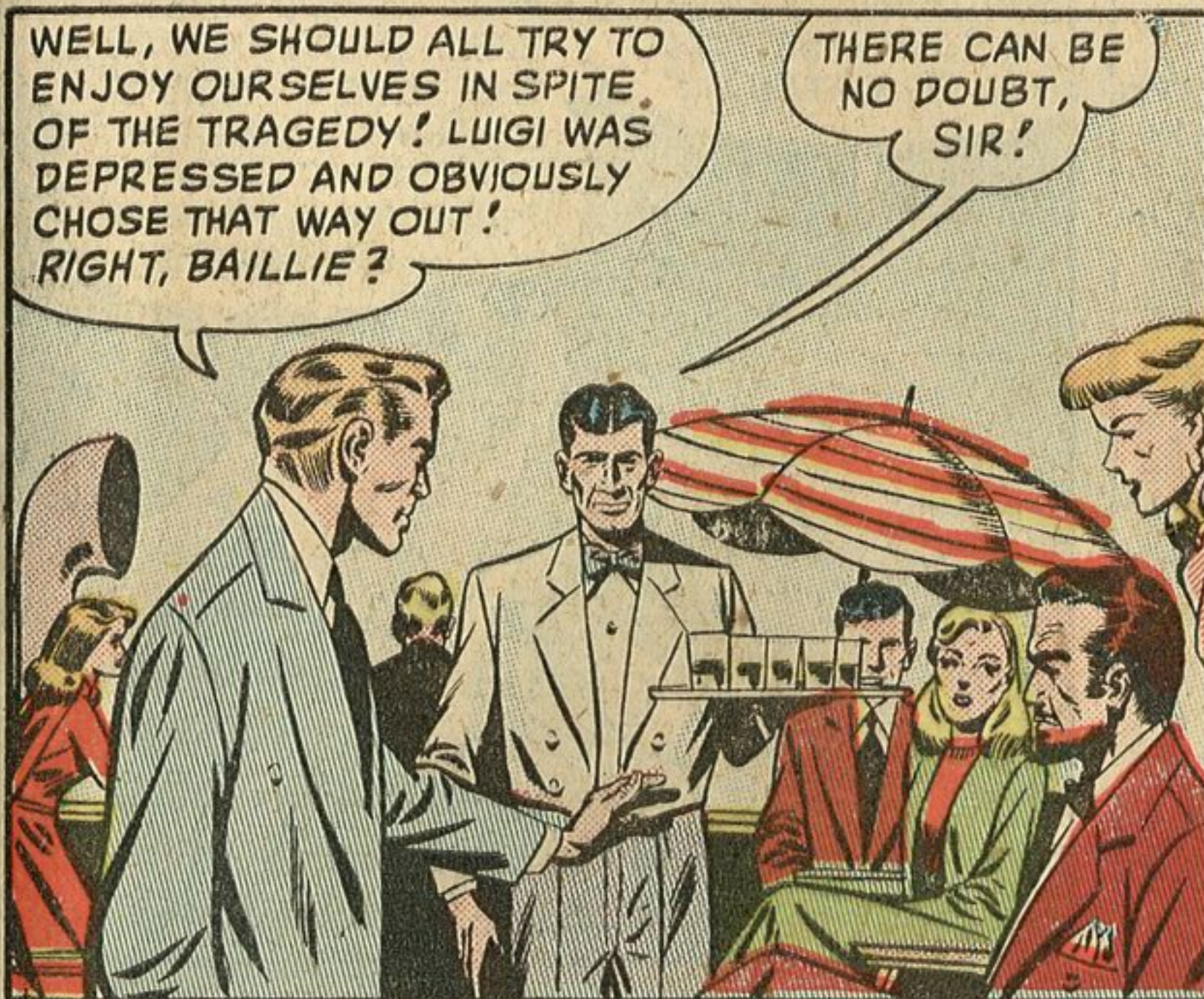
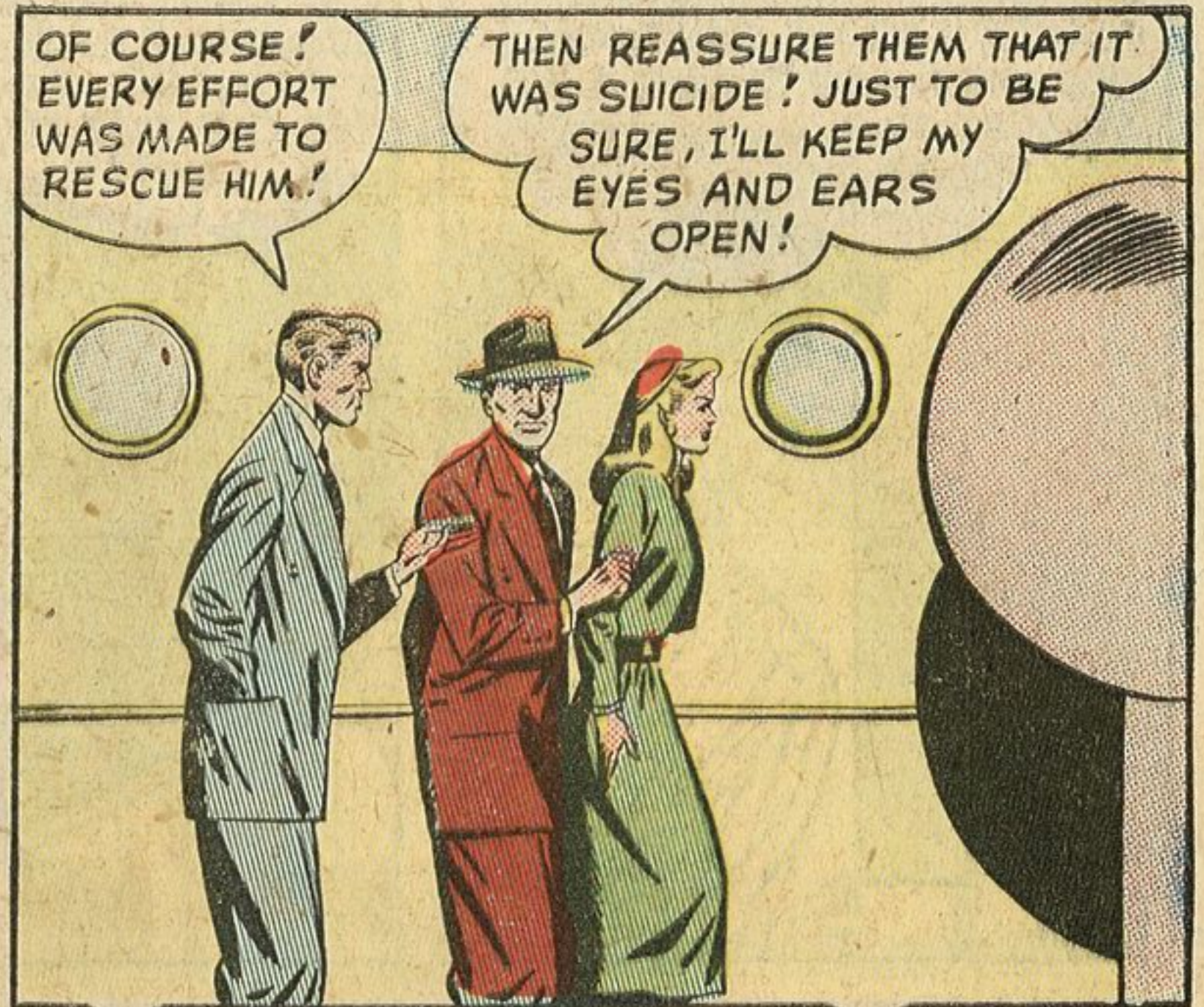
YOU ACCEPTED? STEVE, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

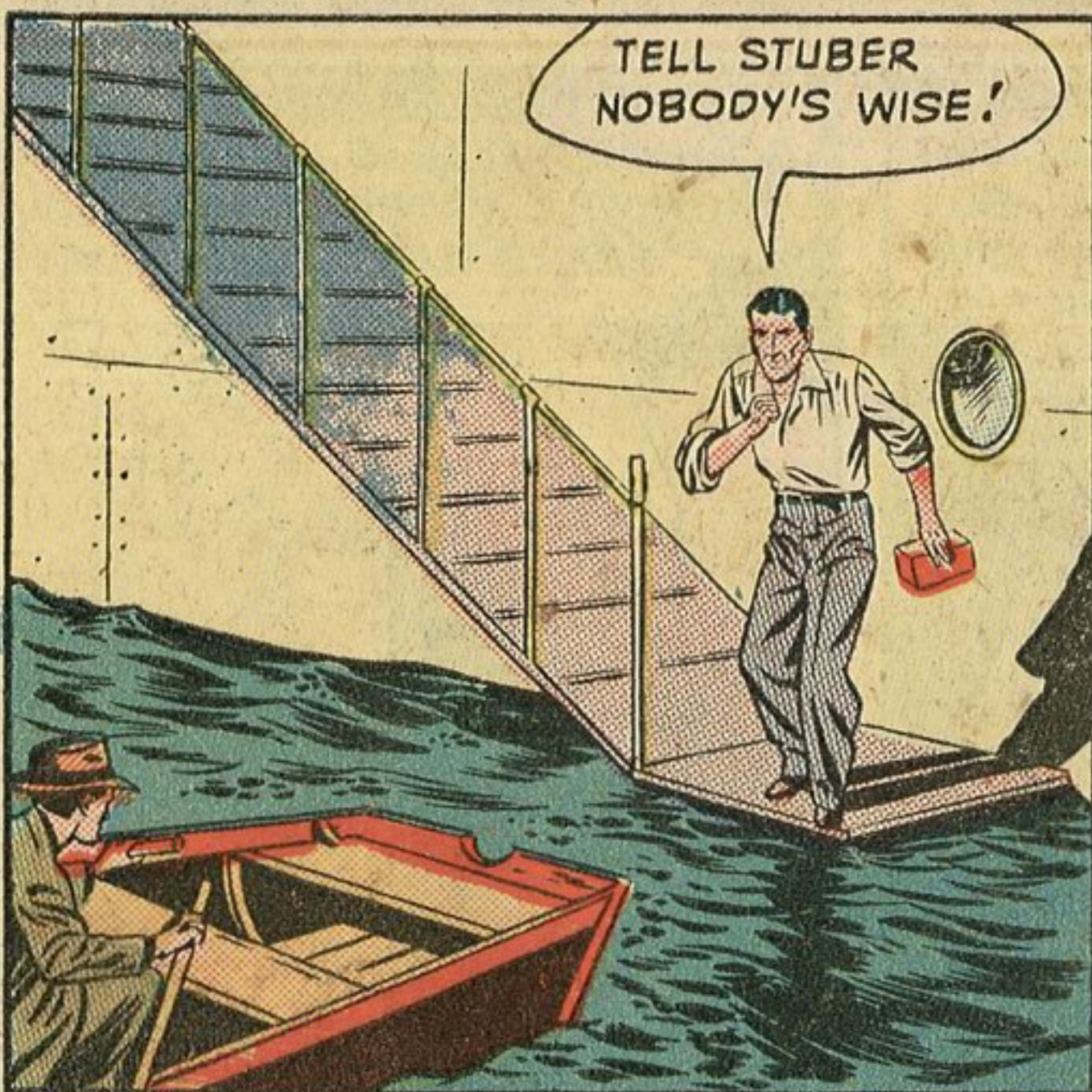
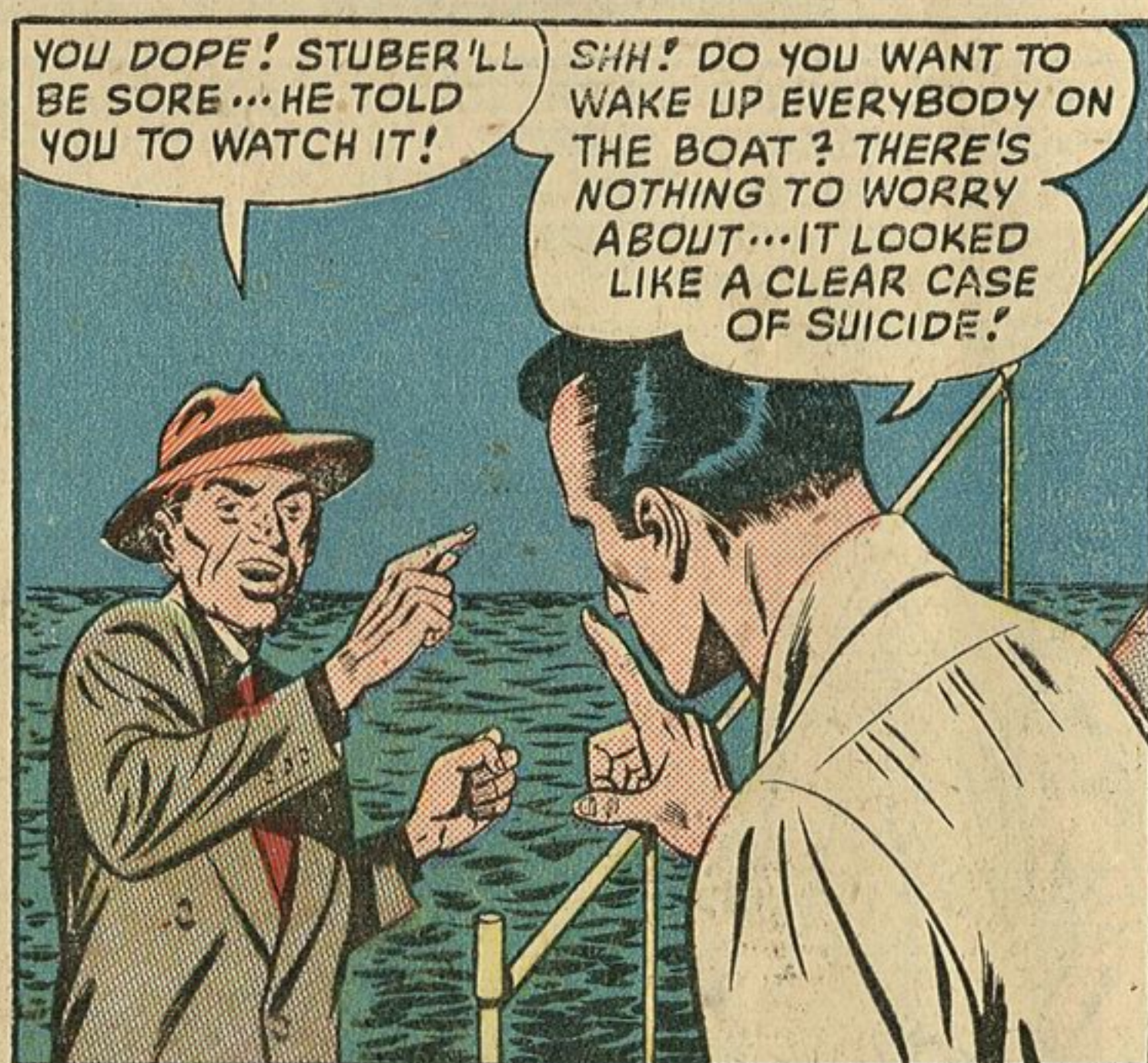
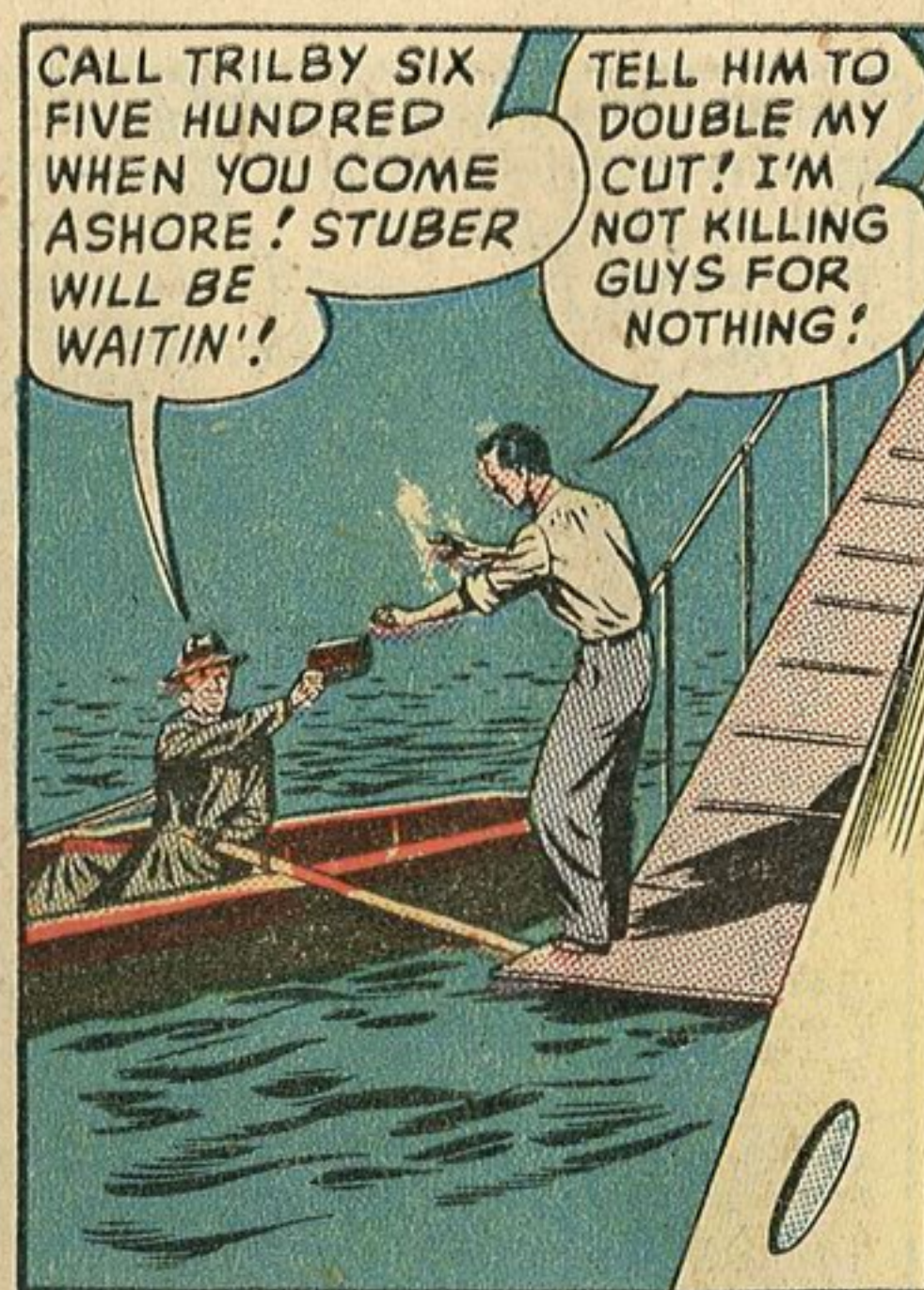
SAY, STEVE, I THINK I MAY HAVE A LEAD ON THE DIAMOND SMUGGLING RACKET! I...

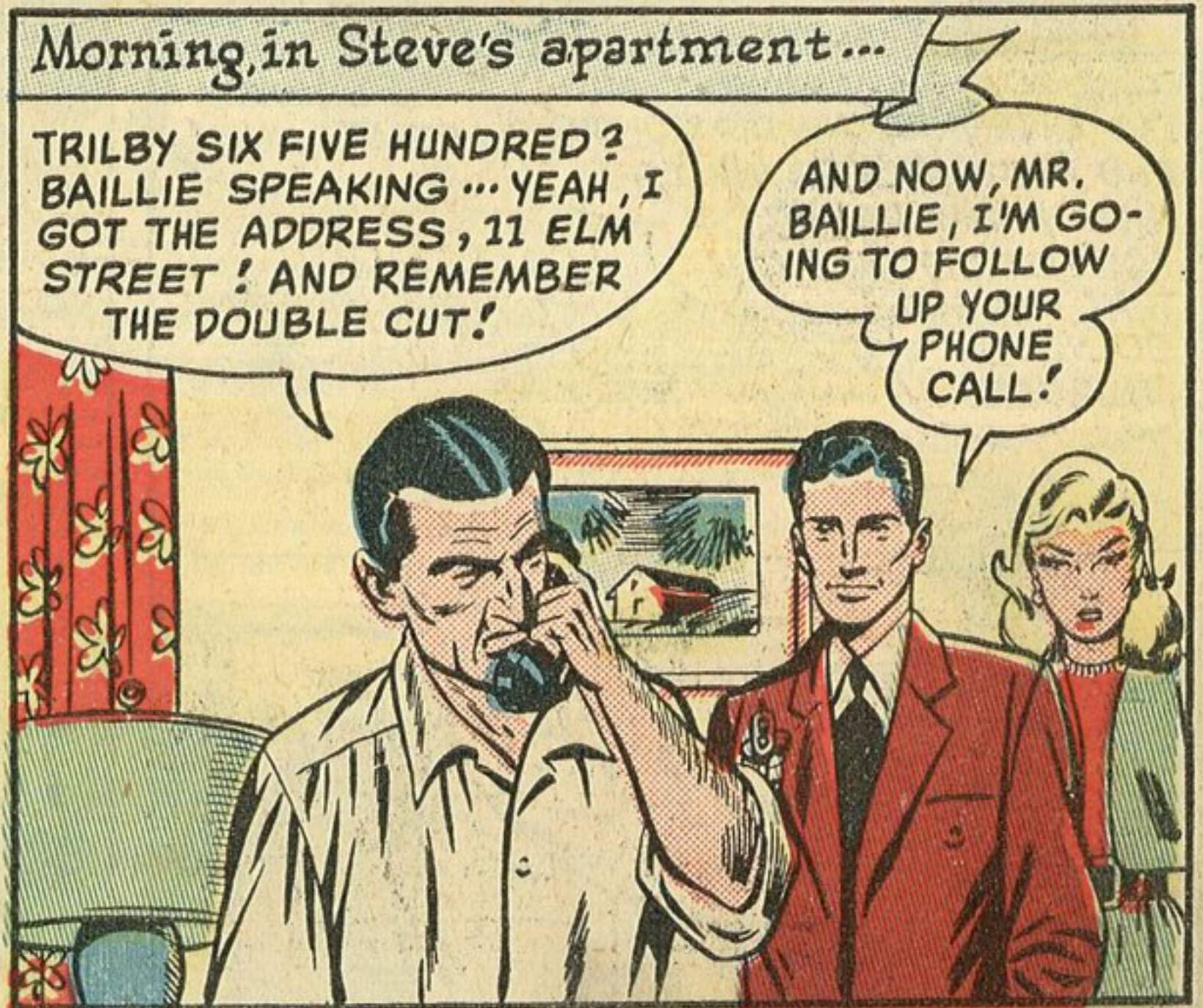
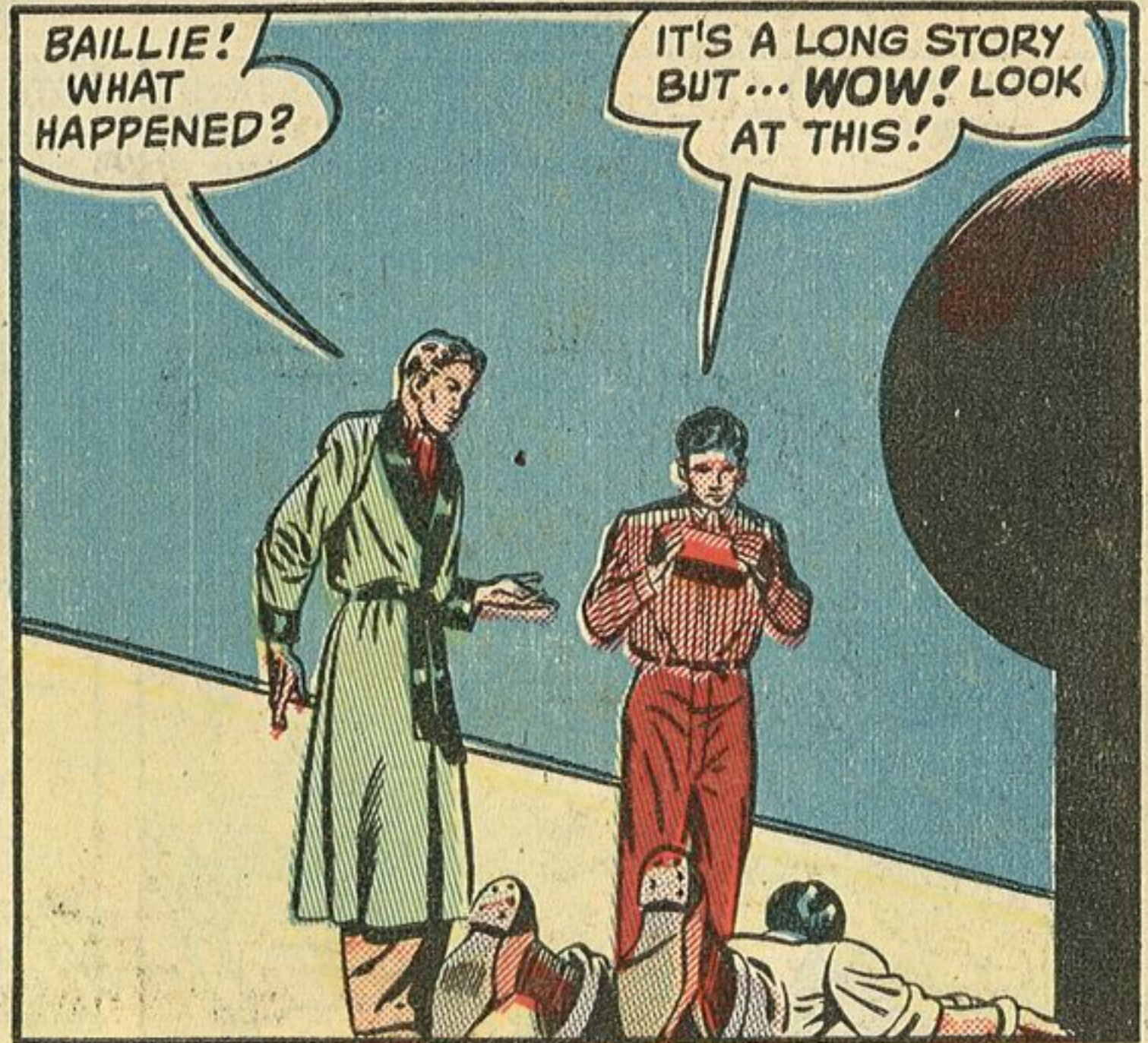
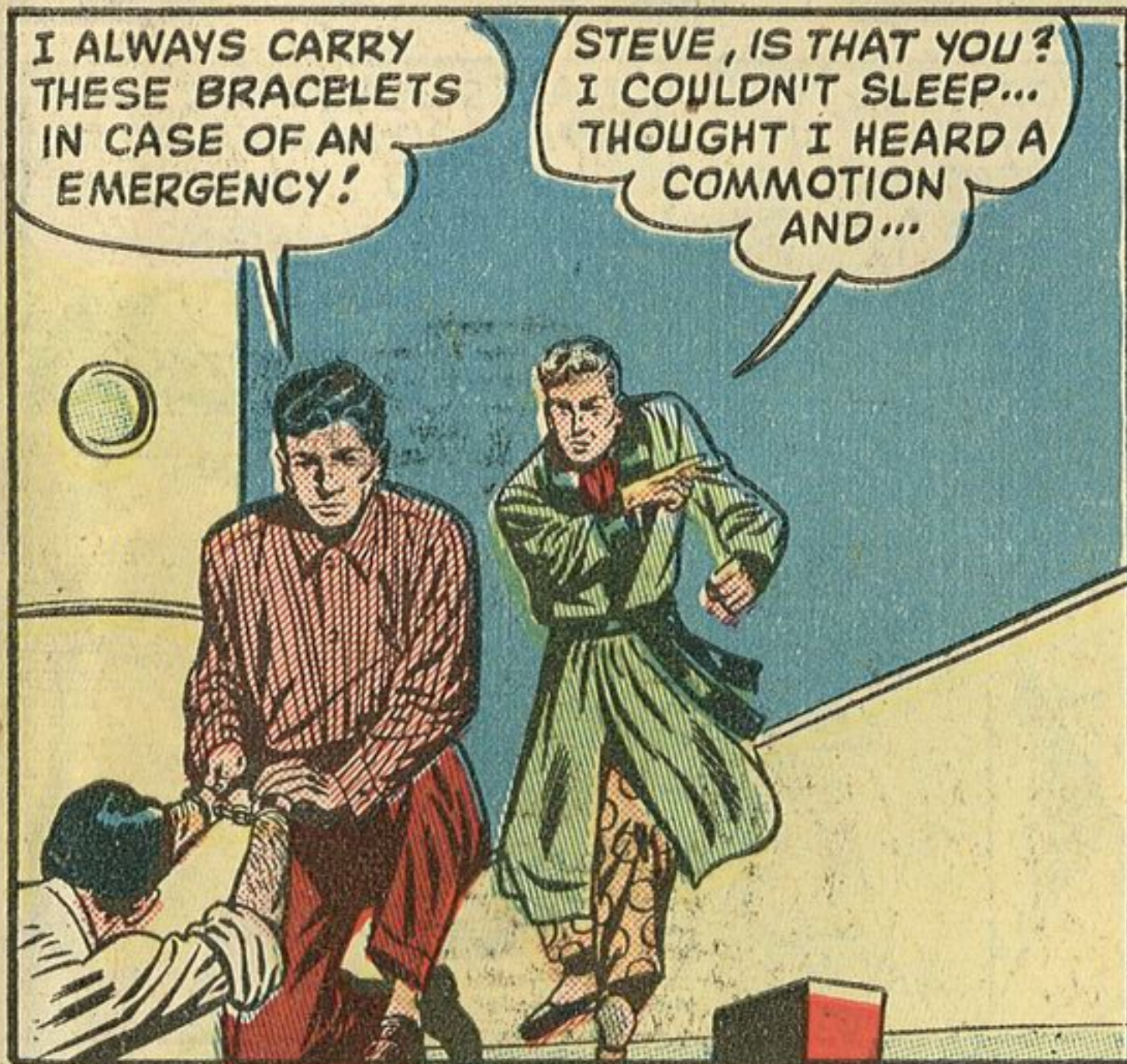
SORRY, INSPECTOR FLANAGAN... SALLY AND I HAVE A WEEK-END DATE! YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK OUT YOUR OWN PROBLEMS FOR A CHANGE!













BE CAREFUL, STEVE!

DON'T WORRY! KEEP AN EYE ON BAILLIE AND PHONE FLANAGAN TO MEET ME AT 11 ELM STREET AT ONCE!



DON'T MOVE, STUBER! YOUR LITTLE GAME IS OVER! BAILLIE AND THE DIAMONDS ARE IN MY CUSTODY!

STEVE WOOD!



I'LL GET HIM, BOSS! I'LL... AGH!

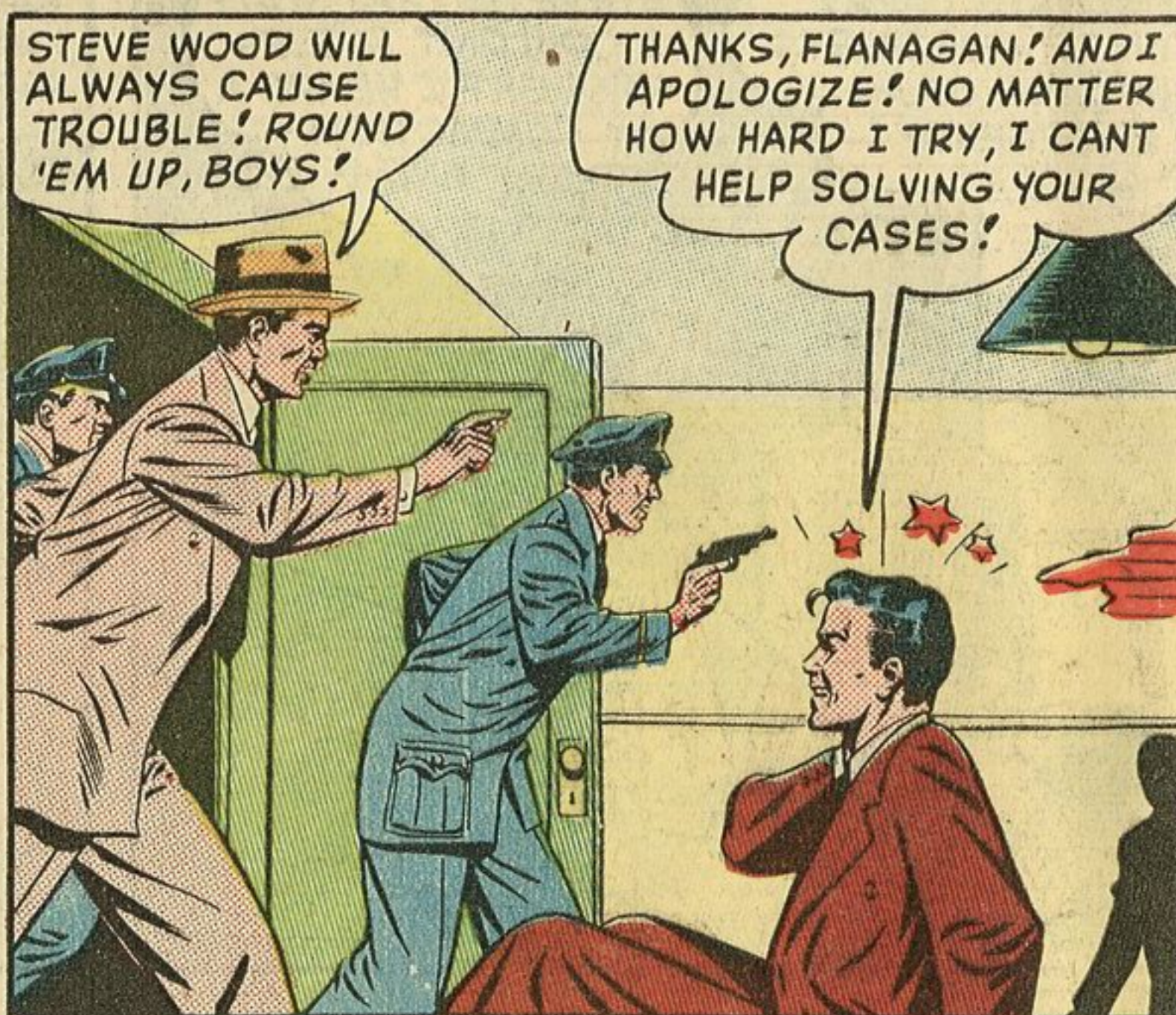
I HATE TO SHOOT A MAN DOWN, SO THIS WILL STOP YOU!



THIS'LL DO IT, STUBER!

OOOOH!

GOOD! STEVE WOOD WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE AFTER THAT!



STEVE WOOD WILL ALWAYS CAUSE TROUBLE! ROUND 'EM UP, BOYS!

THANKS, FLANAGAN! AND I APOLOGIZE! NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY, I CAN'T HELP SOLVING YOUR CASES!



COME TO MY APARTMENT AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE DIAMONDS AND A SMUGGLER WHO'S ALSO A MURDERER! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT I ALSO SOLVED A MURDER!

AS USUAL, DUMB LUCK!



Later...

SALLY, THE WEEK-END'S STILL YOUNG! SPEND IT ON THE PASTIME!

A GOOD IDEA, LINDLEY, IF I COME ALONG! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SALLY, THIS TIME IT'S STRICTLY FOR PLEASURE!

BOYS!
Jim Prentice
 THE AMAZING
 NEW 1950

ELECTRIC BASEBALL

TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The greatest \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1½". The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!
 I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...
 WE GET A GREAT KICK
 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A
 HIT!

NEVER BEFORE
 HAVE I SEEN A GAME
 THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL
 OF ACTUAL BALL

STEEL BALL ZIPS
 THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS
 FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES
 TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT
 - HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES,
 BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

Fellas!
 Get up a League!

PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3. with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3. postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



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98 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

The Electric Game Co., Inc., 98 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$...

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|---|------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric | \$3. | * Transformer plug-in models |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Basketball, Elec. | \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Super El. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec. | \$3. | All Games Sent Postpaid |

C. O. D.
 Send \$1. deposit
 Postman collects
 balance and fee.

Name PLEASE PRINT

Street

City State

*Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



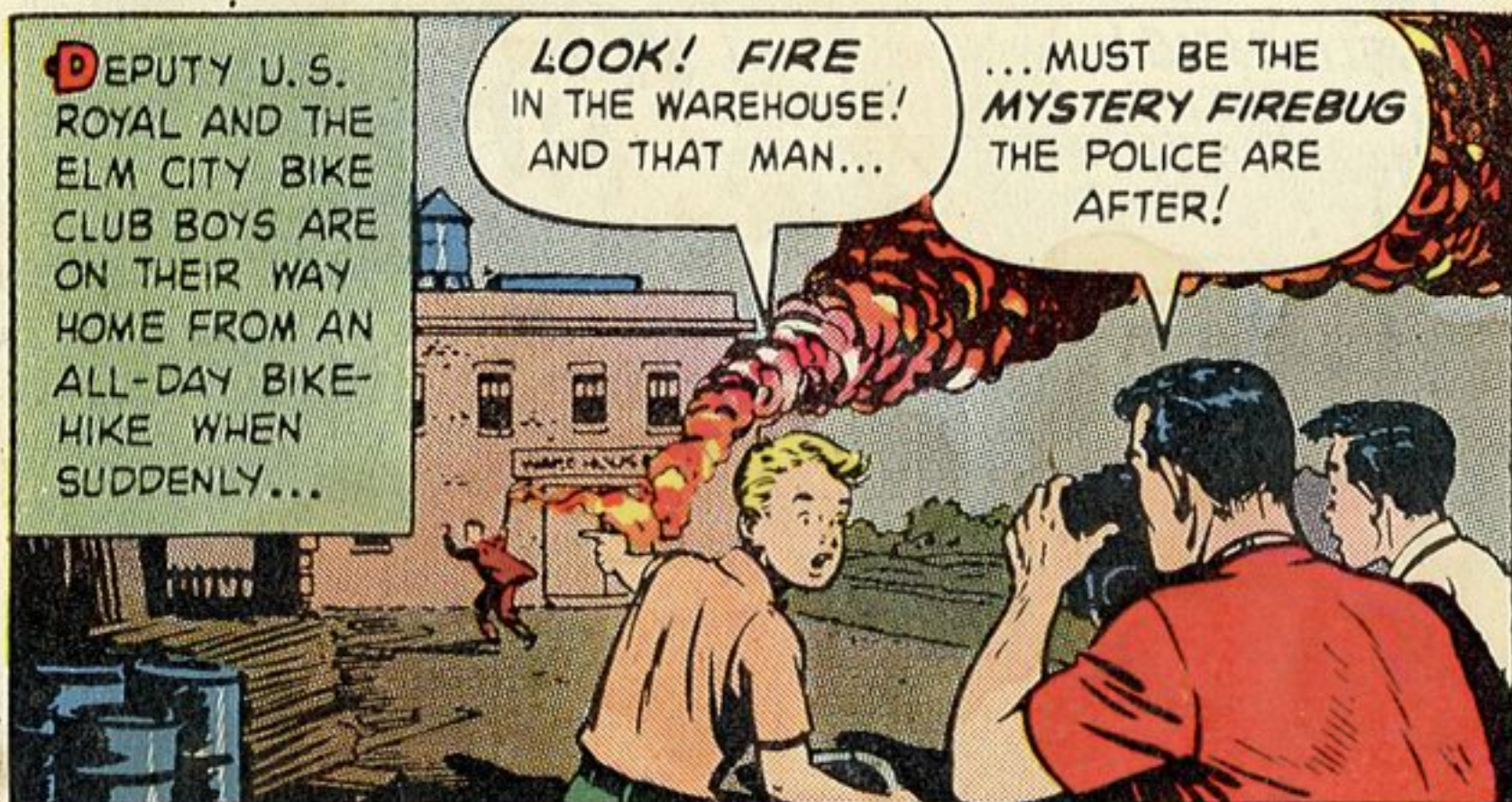
FOCUSING ON
THE FIREBUG



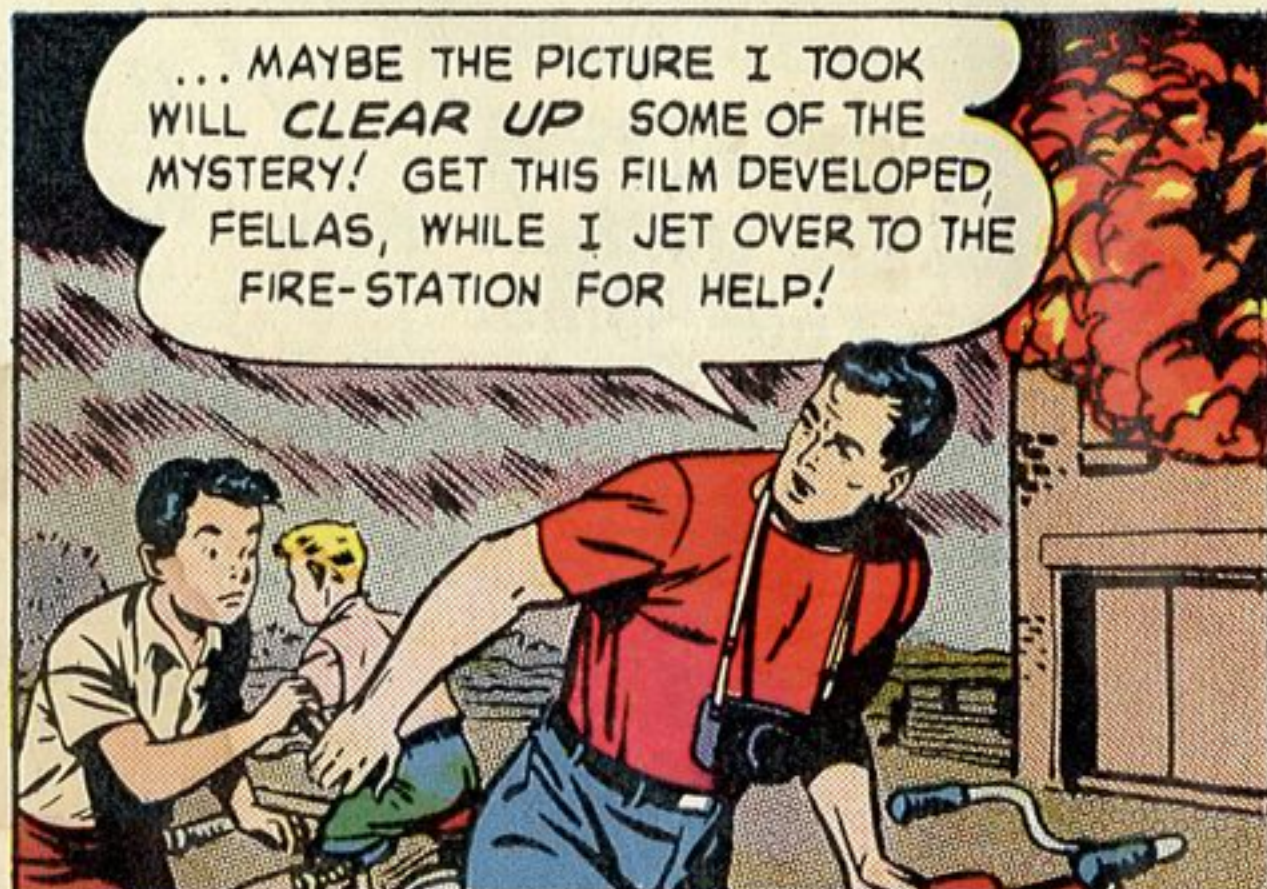
DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-HIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

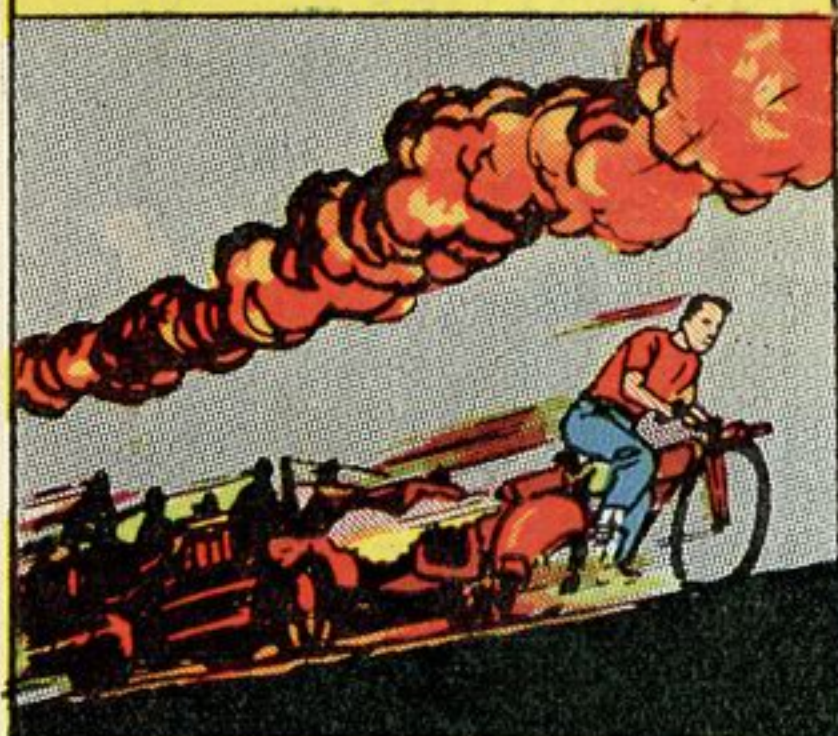
...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED, FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!

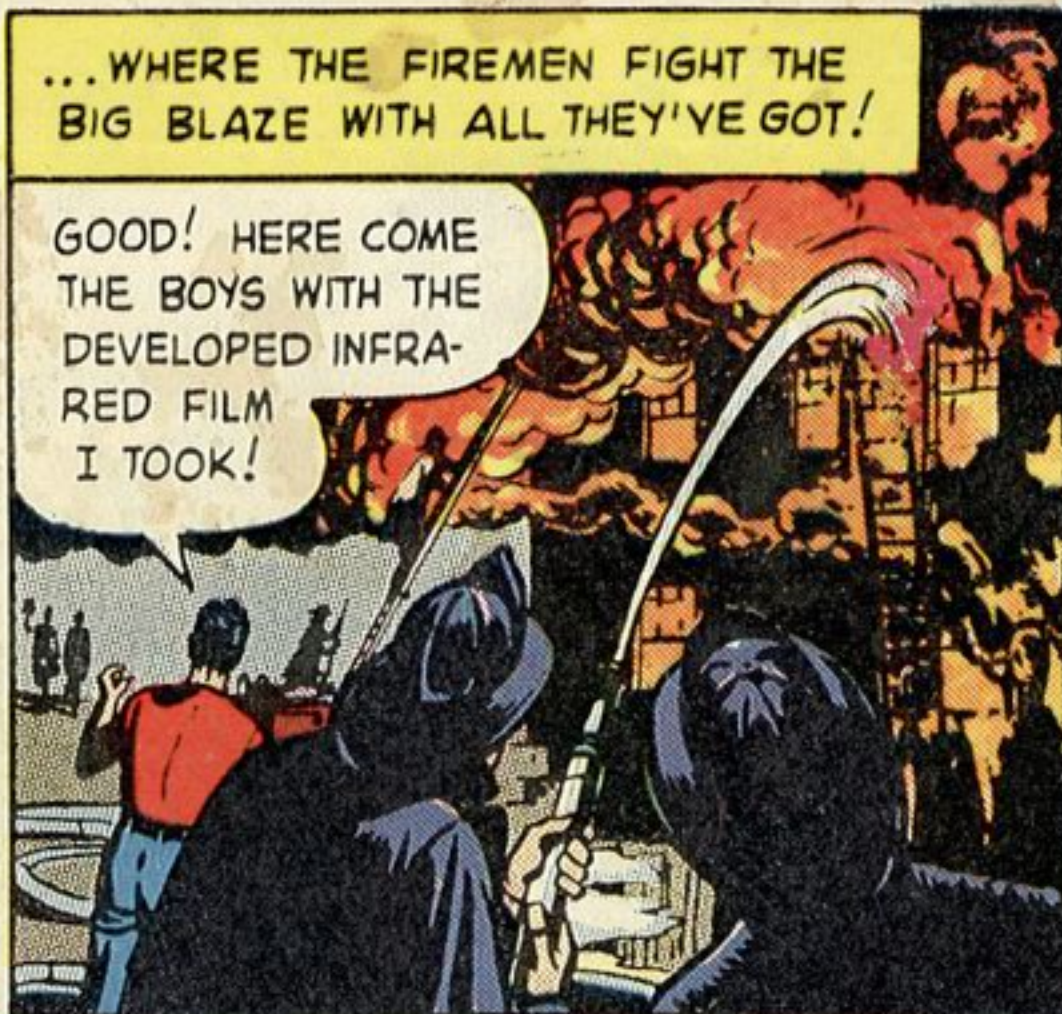


WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL-- LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK-- IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



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